

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DECEMBER 21, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

**35** CENTS  
THIS ISSUE ONLY

## BOWL PREVIEWS

Scouting reports on all the teams

## RUTH'S YANKEES

Historic find includes Babe's fortnightly paycheck



## THE NEWS OF THE WEEK



## GOREN

A new bridge quiz

## SILVER ALL-AMERICA

The 1959 stars of the 1934 season

# SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE



## ROME BY NIGHT

Enrico Kessel's 16-page portfolio in color

## BUON GUSTO!

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## THE RODEO

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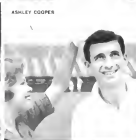


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40



53



72



88



111



**Next issue: Jan. 4**

Saluting the outstanding people in sport for 1959 and revealing our choice of Sportsman of the Year, whose performances as athlete and man were "the revelation of pure excellence."

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## SPECIAL TWO-IN-ONE ISSUE

The annual holiday magazine combines the Dec. 21 and Dec. 28 issues in one package

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## MEMO from the publisher



THE BEGINNING of one year is the ending of another, a chronological circumstance so obvious I would hesitate to bring it up save for its timely bearing on our next issue (which comes two weeks from now). In that issue **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, according to annual custom, salutes the New Year by saluting the Sportsman of the Year.

The selection of our sportsman is always a taxing, but pleasant, decision—taxing because the quantity of candidates is broad, pleasant because the quality is high. If the Sportsman finally chosen for 1959 may be judged by the company he keeps, he keeps good company.

For with him will be some 14 others whose performance during 1959 merits almost equal honor, as the various editors endorsing them explain. Altogether it is a galaxy of sportsmen who shine in two directions, not only bringing great credit to 1959 but giving a hard challenge to those who would bring greater to 1960.

At this particular division between years we arrive at a division between decades. From such a point the usual year-end perspective inevitably lengthens. So there's the thought that a decade in sport like the '30s, marked by achievements, among others, like the conquest of Everest and the breaking of the four-minute barrier, might possibly be a prelude to 10 years of diminishing returns.

Somehow I doubt that the '60s will turn out that way and my reasons are simple. In reporting Sport for more than half the '50s, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has learned that the assignment involves an expanding universe that just goes on expanding. It's a characteristic of Sport in this era. And in any era a characteristic of Sport is its everlasting assault on existing standards of excellence. The two conditions suggest, for the '60s and more time than that, returns which can only increase.

But now the time is the present, and the present is surely the time:

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and  
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*Arthur Murphy*

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## Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX



**THE QUESTION:** *Has the advent of giant players like Wilt Chamberlain thrown the game of basketball seriously out of balance? (Asked of pro basketball players)*



**ROB COURTY**  
Boston Celtics

If you include the colleges and semipro in your question the answer is yes. If you restrict it to the pros the answer is no, because it's only a question of time before each club will have a man to counter Chamberlain.



**ED FLEMING**  
Minneapolis Lakers

Yes, but I'm glad to see another man to offset the greatness of Bill Russell and in the same division as the Celtics. The pro game is thrown out of balance until other teams around the league can come up with similar players.



**JACK TWYMAN**  
Christiani Royals

No. The game has been speeded up so much that running style counteracts height to a certain extent. Years ago, George Mikan really could take advantage of his height and stay under the basket. Today, the big men can't do that.

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**HOTBOX** continued



**GOLPH SCHAYES**  
*Sgt. of Nationals*

It's definitely thrown the game out of balance. Tall men like Wilt Chamberlain and Bill Russell can stay reasonably close in the basket and make a standing defense. This tends to nullify the flashy type of play, resulting in a more stand-still game. I am very much in favor of extra points for longer shots.



**SLATER MARTIN**  
*St. Louis Hawks*

No. It's going to make pro basketball more interesting. Great player that he is and he's going to get better. Chamberlain can't be handled. We will have to take him outside and keep him away from the basket. A new rule prohibits any man standing in the 12-foot line more than three seconds. This will help.



**DICK MCGUIRE**  
*Indiana Pacers*

The coaches have been forced to concentrate on height. In that sense the giant players have thrown the game out of balance. I know that the big men have got to make a living, but so have the little men. If these giants keep coming up, they eventually will throw all the little fellows, like myself, out of the game.



**CARL BRAUN**  
*New York Knicks*

No. It's purely a question of adopting different tactics to cope with the big man. We can't handle him under the basket, so he has forced a different type of offense. Now we play with three forwards and two guards, leaving the area under the basket open. The big man is forced to guard his man in the corner.



# A Real Wild Town

John Kieran's New York is a delightful jungle of living things, from algae to minks

by JOHN O'REILLY

NEW YORKERS periodically express amazement over evidence of wildlife within the limits of their sprawling city. They seem to think that because almost 8 million people are squeezed into this area there is no room for wild animals. Hence, a duck hawk diving on pigeons among Manhattan skyscrapers, a raccoon prowling the northern reaches of The Bronx or even a praying mantis scaring the wits out of Greenwich Villagers is cause for extended coverage in the newspapers.

Professional and amateur naturalists who make a habit of studying the natural wonders of the city tend to smirk at such reports. They are aware that despite its expanses of pavement and buildings the city supports a greatly varied flora and fauna. Numerous works on phases of nature in the big city have come from this group in the past; books, articles and pamphlets on mammals, birds, ferns, etc. Now John Kieran has wrapped up the subject in a comprehensive volume called *A Natural History of New York City*. Houghton Mifflin Company, \$5.75.

## OF INTEREST TO ALL

This book is not solely for New Yorkers. As Kieran says in his foreword, "It might well have been written by any of a hundred other persons on the wildlife of a hundred other large cities scattered over the globe." The creatures of which he writes are not confined to New York City. They may be found in the woods and yards of a wide area of the country. But when it comes to Kieran writing on nature in New York—you couldn't pick a better man for the job.

Kieran is a multipurpose individual. Some remember him as a sports-writer with *The New York Times*. Most persons recall his phenomenal

continued



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WILD TOWN • continued

display of knowledge and memory during the 12 years he was on the radio program *Information Please*. Others know him through his books on nature. But Kieran has achieved his greatest purpose in putting down the results of half a century of urban nature study. Born and raised in The Bronx, he began his nature ramblings in the Riverdale section and in the Van Cortlandt Park swamp, a place deeply loved by generations of nature students.

### NO AGENDA NEEDED

In presenting nature in New York Kieran doesn't resort to keys, charts or lengthy lists. Nor is his text augmented by color plates festooned with birds and flowers. The only illustrations are decorative drawings by Henry Baglee Kane. Kieran's method is to move along at an easy pace through 406 pages, discussing the various groups species by species. This is a bold approach when the writer is dealing with the whole wildlife spectrum from algae to mammals.

At the outset he devotes three short chapters to the human history, the geology and the geography and climate of the city. Then he plunges into the monumental task of discussing each species. Obviously there are some groups, such as the insects, where it is impossible to deal with all species in such a book, but the 18-page index indicates the impressive number treated. To the nature student this method of handling the material is an uncommon delight. The average reader, however, may become a bit weary of so many birds, flowers and insects, and Kieran is the first to admit it.

After dealing with a lengthy array of warblers he says, "I have very good ears. They have been most helpful to me in finding birds in the field. They serve well elsewhere, too. At this moment, for instance, I can almost hear the reader muttering: 'Is the man mad? Is there no end to his romancing about wandering warblers he met on city property?' The good news is that the warbler story is almost ended. I have just two more members of the family to present."

To include such a passage in a book a man has to be sure of his ground. As far as I am concerned John Kieran can go on romancing about warblers, or any other group, as long as he pleases.

END

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#### SCOREBOARD continued

#### faces in the crowd . . .



**MRS. HILDA BAKER, 51**, archdiocesan tennis queen and mother of two, was ranked top U.S. women's amateur by USLTA ranking committee. She did not play in 1959 Nationals but later beat winner Maria Bueno.

**LEE MURPHY, 42**, son of former New York Yankee president, Larry, was elected president of Baltimore Orioles, succeeding James Kestey Jr. Estimated \$15,000 a year, will continue also as general manager.



**WILLIE GROGAN, 53**, San Jose, Calif. golf pro, successfully defended his U. S. Senior title in championships at Palm Springs, Calif. after breaking up three-way tie with a 36 31 round of 70 in playoff.

**LISA LANE, 22-year-old** Philadelphia who took up game two years ago, electrified her way to women's national title by defeating defending champion, Gisela Kahn Gresser, in tournament at West Orange, N.J.



**CHARLES T'FORD, 24-year-old** New York law clerk and former Harvard squash rackets champion, gave a old college try at Gold Staquet Invitation tournament at Cretinham, N.Y., came from behind to win.

**DR. JACK FARBER, 42**, zone coach at University of Maryland for past 23 years and school's microbiology department head, was elected Coach-of-the-Year at U.S. Intercollegiate Lacrosse Assn. meeting in New York.



**TONY BLUE, 25-year-old** Australian runner became Olympic prospect and a man to watch when he broke Herb Elliott's Australian 800-yard record in 1:49.2. In same week he graduated from medical school.





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## BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

### THE MIDWEST

The rowdyrow Big Ten, where title hopes are often as fragile as a dollar watch, won't begin its conference schedule until Jan. 2, but Ohio State is busy establishing itself as the team to beat. The rangy Buckeyes eased past Butler 99-66, then polished off St. Louis 81-74 for their fifth straight. Talented Sophomore Jerry Lucas gave away two inches to St. Louis' 6-foot 10-inch Bob Nordmann and beat him off the boards while scoring 30 points. Lucas had help from Popshooter Larry Siegfried, who fed him with uncanny lobs and added 22 points of his own, mostly from outside.

Meanwhile, unbeaten Iowa and Illinois kept winning while defending champion Michigan State rested on its 2-0 record. But Indiana, the preseason favorite, was shocked by Missouri 79-76. The Tigers, bedeviled offensively by Joe Scott's 31 points, put a defensive lock on Indiana's big Walt Bellamy and held him to six points before he fouled out early in the second half. A severe tongue-lashing by Hoochie Coach Branch McCracken worked and Indiana came back to beat Ohio U. 80-68. The time Bellamy scored 24 points.

Hardly pausing to ponder its loss to Ohio State, St. Louis turned on touring Kentucky and beat the Wildcats 73-61. Coach John Benington's cutting, driving St. Louis offense piled up the points and Kentucky's Adolph Rupp just didn't have anyone big enough or tough enough to handle the Billiken's Nordmann underneath the boards.

Oscar Robertson, Cincinnati's Big O, oblivious to double- and triple-teaming defenses, continued to score at an almost superhuman rate. He got 36 as the Bearcats drubbed Miami of Ohio 89-58 and added 48 more in a 129-79 rout of St. Joseph's, a highly respected team back East.

Notre Dame, working smoothly around double-postmen John Tully and Mike Graney, ran off three straight over Wisconsin 78-58 (see above), Northwestern 93-88 in double overtime and Air Force 67-62. Detroit's dark horse among midwestern independents, turned loose brilliant Sophomore Charlie North and Dave DeBusschere and trounced both Iowa (85-67 in New York) and Purdue (84-63 at home).

### THE SOUTH

The surprising Yellow Jackets of Georgia Tech were still feeling no pain, though



**BACKHANDED FLIP** by Wisconsin's leaping Bob Ross sends rebound to and teammates Notre Dame's John Tully (23) follows ball. Notre Dame won 78-55.

more celebrated Southeastern Conference brothers were nursing bruises. Tech, picked up by Roger Kaiser's adept sharp-shooting, buzzed serenely past Alabama 69-53 and South Carolina 70-64. Even Coach John "Whack" Hyder was becoming impressive.

With little regard for convention, Louisiana Tech took the Mississippi State Maroons 71-62 to end their 18-game winning streak. Tech used a tight zone to tie up State, and Jackie Murreland did the rest.

Kentucky lost its second game, and Vanderbilt ran into big trouble in Texas, losing to SMU 86-67. Auburn, another SEC contender, barely shuffled by Florida State 62-58.

North Carolina's Tar Heels took a while to get up a head of steam against Kansas but smothered the Jayhawks 60-49 once Harvey Sals, York Larue and Lee Shaffer got the range. Next night, the defense held Kansas State's Wally Frank and Cedric Price, and the Tar Heels used Shaffer's tremendous rebounding and scoring (24 points) to whip the Wildcats 68-52. North Carolina State also had some success against the visitors from Kansas, upsetting K-State 66-49 when Sophomore Danny Lutz broke away for two quick field goals in the closing minutes, but the Wolfpack lost to Kansas U. 80-58.

Jerry West was up to his old scoring tricks, packing away 62 points in all to help West Virginia drub Richmond 84-62 and Penn State 104-74; Louisville, girding for an invasion by Cincinnati this

continued



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## BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

Saturday, warmed up by beating Furman 77-61, Eastern Kentucky 75-67 and Davidson 90-47.

### THE EAST

Two of the nation's wildest coaches matched wits in Madison Square Garden, but Manhattan's Ken Norton couldn't shoot for his team and LaSalle's Dudley Moore walked off with a 71-58 victory. The Explorers' switchling man-to-man effectively plugged the inside gaps and, when Manhattan couldn't hit from the outside, the jig was up for the luckless Jaspers. And, to make matters worse, LaSalle's Joe Heyer shot over the Manhattan defense for 22 points while nimble Bob Herdlin drove through it for 19 more.

All in all, it was a sorry week for New York area teams. Towel-tossing Ed Diddle brought in his Western Kentucky club to joust with Seton Hall, and Al Ellison's 36 points pushed the Pirates aside 78-69; Detroit was too much for Iowa. Only NYU, fast-breaking and pressing on defense, looked good enough to win—and did. The Violets scurried past Rutgers 82-56 and Lafayette 87-59.

Pitt, humbled earlier in the Midwest, was more at home in its own Steel Bowl tournament. The Panthers, trailing St. John's by 11 points, suddenly exploded for 15 straight points and edged the Red-men 74-73, while undefeated Duquesne outlasted William & Mary 53-52. But the Duke were no match for Pitt in the final and lost 75-44. St. John's finally managed to put two good halves together and beat William & Mary 77-65 in the consolation game.

Holy Cross unveiled its much-publicized sophomore whiz, Jack Foley, and his 26 points helped the Crusaders hold off challenging Yale 85-84; Navy's Jay Metzler was all around the boards as the Midlites beat Baltimore 90-74 and Princeton 57-47; 6-foot 10-inch Jim Hadnot led Providence to victory over Brown 54-53 and St. Francis of Brooklyn 75-63. The week's biggest surprise: Little Vilm Madonna, up from Covington, Ky. for an "educational" tour, taught Niagara a lesson, 77-73.

### THE SOUTHWEST

It is difficult to predict just what will happen in the Southwest Conference, but one thing is sure: Texas will not be the patsy it was last season. Jay Arnette scored 25 points and the unbeaten Longhorns dunked 51% of their shots against defenseless Tulsa to swamp the Green Wave 94-71 for their third straight.

Texas A&M, generously stocked with junior college transfers and veterans, romped over Houston 67-49 and Midwestern 70-43 to keep pace with the Longhorns. SMU, too, began to flex its muscles, outscoring Oklahoma City

continued

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67-56 and surprising Vanderbilt 86-67. But the bubble burst for Baylor, which fell before Memphis State's speed, 71-56. Arkansas also faltered, bowing to swift, sure Mississippi 78-63.

#### THE WEST

California, slowly building up to the meaty part of its schedule, toyed with San Francisco 65-40 but met sterner opposition from determined San Jose State before winning 54-43 for its 19th straight. San Jose's Dennis Marc made Cal's big, rough Darrell Imhoff his personal assignment and held him to four field goals.

USC continued to prey on invaders. The hot-handed Trojans, led by Johnny Werhas, first riddled Oklahoma State's usually tight defense 73-50, then pounced on Brigham Young 79-61. UCLA took on the same two foes and had little trouble beating Brigham Young 62-42. However, Oklahoma State's tight zone was too much for the Uclans and they lost 62-46.

Fast-breaking Utah hardly stopped to draw a breath as it raced over New Mexico State 82-67 and Wichita 105-80. Allen Holmes, Globetrotter-type dribbler, mesmerized Wichita with his zigging and sagging, and by the time the Shockers figured out how to keep up with him the game was over and Holmes had scored 27 points. Wichita tested the Utes again and lost 88-85 when Bill (The Hill) McGill, a 6-foot 9-inch sophomore, scored 22 points.

Utah State's iron men finally fell before Drake 83-73; New Mexico, after 17 straight losses, upset New Mexico State 68-63; Wyoming gave Coach Bill Stranigan his first win, downing Pepperdine 75-68.

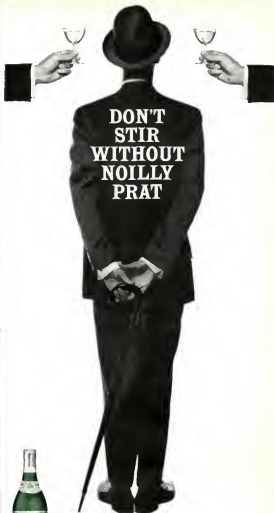
#### THE PROS

Although Philadelphia's amazing Wilt Chamberlain is creating a special kind of havoc around the NBA (see page 24), Boston's solid old pros are still head and shoulders above the pack in the East.

With brilliant Bob Cousy dispensing his ball-handling magic and Big Bill Russell rebounding as well as ever, the Celtics outscored New York 121-105, Philadelphia 137-116, 126-117 and St. Louis 122-98 to run their winning streak to nine and stretch their lead over the Warriors to 5½ games. Meanwhile, Syracuse's Johnny Kerr matched Chamberlain's 36 points, outrebounded him 17-15, and the Nats won 150-121 to move within a game of second place. But the accolade of the week belonged to New York's Richie Guerin, who filled the baskets with 57 points as the sagging Knicks got off the floor to whump Syracuse 152-121.

In the West, veterans Bob Pettit and Cliff Hagan, with an occasional assist from Rookie Bob Ferry, brought St. Louis an even split in four games with Boston, Cincinnati (101-105, 118-98) and Detroit (129-111) and led the second-place Pistons by three games.

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**SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED**  
DECEMBER 21, 1959

# LONG PUSH FOR





# A CHAMPION

At the Sebring Grand Prix, Jack Brabham finally clinched his world championship of race driving—even shoving his car the final 400 yards in a gesture of gallantry

by ALFRED WRIGHT

THE NEW automobile driving champion of the world is a 33-year-old Australian named Jack Brabham. He battered down this title at the Grand Prix of the United States, a unique race that was run at Sebring, Fla. last Saturday afternoon and was utterly dominated by Brabham and Bruce McLaren, the genial young winner of the race, who comes from New Zealand.

Three of the 18 drivers entered had a chance to carry off the world championship through the complicated system of point distribution that governs the championship races sanctioned by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile. Of these three, Brabham was well in the lead with 31 points. Stirling Moss, the brilliant English driver who had been four times runner-up for the title, stood second with 25½ points. Third with 23 was Tony Brooks, another talented English driver and the author who described all the possible permutations in this contest for **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** readers last week.

As the field lined up to take the starter's flag at 1:30 on this blowy, ominous-looking, subtropical afternoon, these drivers occupied three of the first four positions on the starting grid. Moss, who had qualified with an astounding speed of 104 mph on the winding 5.2-mile course, had the pole. Next to him was Brabham and in the second row, behind Moss, was Brooks.

On the first lap Brooks's Ferrari was rammed from behind by another car from the Ferrari team, driven by young Count Wolfgang von Trips, of Germany. The collision and a consequent pit stop cost Brooks two minutes, and he was unable to make up more than 30 seconds of this in the two hours of racing that followed.

In the meantime, Moss was taking an imposing lead. Going into the sixth lap, he was 10 seconds ahead of Brabham, who was holding the second position. But Moss never finished that

lap. While barreling along at about 100 mph, he heard what he described as "a loud rumble" inside the works of his little black No. 7 Cooper Climax. That was all the racing there was for Moss on this particular day. As best he could tell until the machine was torn apart, there was a failure in the gearbox.

Once Moss had left the action, the race settled down to a steady, apparently inexorable ride to victory for Jack Brabham. Mounted in a green, factory-owned Cooper hardly distinguishable except by color from Moss's black car (one of two entered by British sportsman Rob Walker of the Scotch whisky clan), the Australian just went round and round, holding a comfortable lead of some 30 seconds over the third-place Ferrari. In second place was the other entry of the Cooper factory team, and Bruce McLaren, its 22-year-old driver, had no intention of trying to pass Brabham. He was just holding on in case anything should go wrong with his senior partner.

## HALF IN, HALF OUT

During the routine middle stages of the race, only half of the original 18 cars were still running, all the others having retired with some form of mechanical trouble. Brabham and McLaren were first and second. The third car, one of the four factory Ferraris present, was driven by Cliff Allison, a highly regarded young English driver. Fourth was Von Trips's factory Ferrari, its red nose bashed in from the earlier collision with Brooks. Behind Von Trips was Maurice Trintignant, the little mustachioed French precisionist, driving Rob Walker's other Cooper. Then came Brooks, too far behind to matter, and after him three also-rans.

With something like 70 miles to go and Brabham and McLaren still having things all their own way, it became apparent that Trintignant's Cooper was making a serious move at the leaders. The Frenchman had put the bigger, heavier, more powerful Ferraris well behind him and was steadily cutting the interval between him-

self and the leaders—now 25 seconds, now 22, now 18 and so on. It hardly seemed possible he could make it, but with just three laps to go, Trintignant had the leaders in sight—only five seconds away. As he crouched over the wheel of his humpbacked little Cooper he resembled a kid in the Soapbox Derby at Akron, for the Cooper cockpit is way up front, and the car lacks the lovely long-hooded lines of the classic racing cars.

Gaining, slowly gaining, Trintignant went into the 42nd and last lap only four seconds behind the Brabham-McLaren team, which was still running in tandem as if the two cars were tied by a tow rope. Rob Walker, the anxious owner of Trintignant's car, said as it flew by for the last time, "Anything can happen on the last lap." But he didn't really believe it.

Yet happen it did, with the leaders hardly more than a mile from home. Moving at perhaps 150 mph on the long airport straightaway just two turns from home, Brabham's car began to falter. He waved McLaren on past him as the engine died—out of gas. Right at McLaren's heels was the Frenchman, and down the last straightaway behind the pits they came and around the last U turn

continued

**COLLAPSED** beside car, Brabham is congratulated by friends after race ends.



Photographs by Filip Szwed

**LAST PUSH** puts car inches over the finish line, and exhausted Brabham is fourth in race but wins championship.

and up the final 200 yards to the finish line. But, alas, Trintignant could not quite catch the fleeing McLaren and took the checkered flag a mere two car lengths behind.

Brabham, meanwhile, coasted to a stop some 400 yards from the finish. According to the rules of racing, he had to get the car across the line without assistance, so he did the only thing possible: he got out and pushed. By this time there were only four other cars still in the race: Brooks, who was on the same lap with Brabham though nearly two minutes behind, and a trio of dogged also-rans who were several laps to the rear. One of the most extraordinary sights that auto racing may see in many years was Brabham in his sky-blue coveralls slowly pushing his car up the straight to the finish line and into the wildly seething crowd of photographers and reporters and fans who were surrounding Winner McLaren and his car during the victory ceremonies. As Brabham and car finally made it across the line and into the throng, the tall, dark-haired, extremely handsome new driving champion of the world collapsed in a heap, thoroughly exhausted. Although the three points he earned for finishing fourth were of no real use to him in winning the championship, it was a champion's noble effort and entirely worthy of the biggest applause of the day.

From almost any angle, Jack Brab-

ham very well fits the specifications for a champion. He has those extraordinary good looks. He is a man of few words, just as the heroes from wide-open spaces should be. He is modest and hard working. But above all, he is a pro to his finger tips. Among all the great drivers on the Grand Prix circuit, Brabham probably knows more than any about what goes on under the hood of his car. Not only is he the head driver for John Cooper, who makes the outstanding Formula 1 racing car of the world, but he also spends a great deal of his time in the factory itself, helping to tune and perfect the machines that have brought him his title.

#### NOT MUCH MONEY

Unlike the spectacular Stirling Moss, who has incorporated himself for the promotion of such byproducts as ghostwritten books and newspaper articles and TV appearances and the other perquisites of fame, Brabham has not made much money out of racing. His early days in Australia, starting just after World War II, were pretty much hand-to-mouth. He drove midgets on the grubby dirt-track circuit and later expanded to hill-climbing contests. It wasn't until 1955 that he had enough of a reputation to join the European circuit, and even then his first years were lean ones. By the sophisticated standards of the Grand Prix crowd, he was a rough and erratic performer. As one of them put it, "The marvelous thing about watching Jack come out of a turn is that you never know which end of the car will show up first." But his knowledge of cars and his tremendous competitive spirit carried him along. Finally, in 1958, he got his first crack at driving Formula 1 cars for the Cooper factory team. By then he knew he had made the grade, so he sold the little plot of land in Sydney, to which he had one day hoped to return, and invested in a garage not far from the Cooper works in Surbiton, England. It is there that he has now settled with his wife and young son.

During the days before the Sebring race Brabham made a lot of friends without knowing it by refusing to whine over a bad break. Traditionally, the Grand Prix racing season ends in the early fall. At the time it would normally have ended this year, Brabham had the driving title wrapped up. The Sebring race was almost like an afterthought. The international

racing authorities were anxious to patronize Promoter Alie Ullmann's venture in hopes of breathing some American enthusiasm into the sport.

But it will be a long time before anyone will know whether the American public will cotton to Grand Prix racing the same way it does to its own track racing. Out in California, Lance Reventlow is still putting the finishing touches on some Formula 1 cars he hopes to enter in the 1960 races. Ullmann, the creator and indomitable entrepreneur of Sebring racing, is dedicated to the proposition of renewing the race either at the end of the 1960 season or at the start of 1961. With such fine American drivers as Phil Hill and Masten Gregory already making their mark in Europe, perhaps last Saturday's race was the start of something big. Anyway, it produced a fine new champion.

★

Just before the running of the Grand Prix race at Sebring on Saturday, there was a preliminary billed as the Sebring International Race for Compact Sedans. Since this was to be the second race meeting among Detroit's new compacts and the first in which Chrysler's Valiant was making an appearance, a lot of people were hoping it would prove something more about the respective merits of the cars than last month's compact race at Denver (SI, Nov. 23). Actually, the only thing it proved of importance was that the Corvair, which had chewed up its tires so badly at Denver, is no rougher on rubber than any other stock car when properly prepared for racing. The three Corvairs in the race were entered by Don Allen, a big New York Chevy dealer, who also sent along a first-rate team of mechanics under the direction of Zora Duntov, who used to head the Corvette racing team for General Motors. Each car had an optional "power pack" camshaft, a special suspension to give the rear wheels the negative camber they would have under a six-passenger load, and a set of special racing tires. One Corvair finished sixth over-all and first in its class, and separated from the Corvair only by a Volvo was a Ford Falcon just off a Sebring showroom floor. The leading Valiant, whose bigger engine puts it in a higher classification than Corvair and Falcon, was directly behind the Falcon. Not one of the cars showed any severe tire wear on this fast and winding course. **END**

BIG WIN PLEASES YOUNG McLaren





COLTS UNITAS (LEFT) AND EWANK EXULT IN CONFERENCE WIN

## TO THE LUCKY WILL GO THE SPOILS

Seldom in the history of football have two pro teams been so evenly matched for a title game

by **TEX MAULE**

**T**HIS New York Giants and the Baltimore Colts must be rated as dead even for their championship game December 27 in Baltimore. The only advantage discernible is Baltimore's, and it is an advantage of position, not power. The edge has to go to the Colts because of the site; the vociferous, vastly enthusiastic Baltimore fans create a real handicap for a visiting team as they shout down the quarterback's signals, keep quiet for the calls of their own hero, Johnny Unitas.

But otherwise—in personnel, strategy, tactics, depth and poise—the New York Giants and the Baltimore Colts are nearly mirror images. Both have superb quarterbacks who throw beautifully at any range; the Giants have much better reserve strength behind Charlie Conerly in George Shaw, who should be recovered from a thumb injury, and Don Heinrich. Should Unitas be hurt, the Colts have only Ray Brown, a defensive halfback who has played very few downs at quarterback.

The Giants have, over-all, a bit more power in their running attack with Mel Triplett, Phil King, Alex Webster and Frank Gifford, but the Colts have certainly adequate power from Alan Ameche and Billy Prier, plus better breakaway speed than the Giants in Lenny Moore and the fast-developing cast-off from Washington, Mike Sommer. Both backfields operate behind very similar lines—the two best offensive lines in football anchored on the two best offen-

sive centers, Ray Wietecha of the Giants and the unheralded Buzz Nutter of the Colts.

The Colts, statistically at least, own an edge in pass receivers. Raymond Berry, Moore and Jim Mutscheller have caught more passes for more yards and more touchdowns than have Kyle Rote, Bob Schnelker and Gifford. But this may be more a reflection of the style of the Baltimore attack than of the relative abilities of the pass catchers. Unitas, supremely confident of his own ability to complete a pass (he set a league record this season with 32 touchdown passes) is likely to rely more often on his arm than on his running game. Conerly, who is equally confident and equally accurate as a passer, will go to Gifford or Webster or Triplett for yardage more often than he will throw.

The defenses are almost precisely the same. Both teams have massive, mobile and wise front lines backed by tremendous linebackers. Although the Giant linebackers, headed by Sam Huff, are better known to the average pro football fan, the Baltimore trio is at least as good. An indication of the quickness and the speed of the Colt linebackers (Bill Fellington, Dick Szymanski and Don Shinnick) is their total of pass interceptions, 17, which is very likely the highest in the history of the league.

The Colt deep secondary may be a shade quicker than the Giants and a bit tighter knit, but there is little to choose in effectiveness. Neither is or-

dinarily vulnerable to the sudden shock of a long pass completed for a touchdown.

Temperamentally, the two teams are similar, too. Both are capable of rising to an occasion with professional aplomb. The Colts demonstrated this last weekend in their final game of the regular season, when they had to defeat or tie the Los Angeles Rams to win the Western Conference championship. The Rams, playing with their usual erratic brilliancy and supercharged by the information that their coach, Sid Gillman, was resigning after the game, broke away to a quick lead and actually dominated much of the first three quarters of play. But whenever Baltimore needed the hard yards for a first down or the big play for a touchdown, the requisite was produced. The Colts won, of course, 45-26, and watching the game you never felt they were in any serious danger of losing to the Rams. This was Baltimore's sixth straight victory after a very shaky start this season, and each of these victories was of the do-or-die variety, although most of them were decisive.

The Giants faltered briefly in mid-season, primarily because of the loss of Conerly with an injured ankle. But they, too, when faced with the absolute necessity for victory, responded magnificently.

All in all, the championship game matches teams equal in age, experience, muscle and imagination.

The winner should be the team with the breaks. **END**

# IKE ASKS ABOUT WEAK WICKETS

**In Pakistan a President learns about cricket and tent pegs**

by CHARLES MOHR

A YOUNG U.S. Army lieutenant and his Commander in Chief, both oldtime West Point footballers, learned a thing or two about foreign sports at the same time. While Pete Dawkins was playing Rugby for Oxford, a former halfback named Eisenhower was learning the fine points of cricket and tent pegging as played in Pakistan.

Tent pegging, a favorite sport of the Pakistani cavalry, is a sort of amalgam of polo and pool played with a razor-sharp cue. As the participating horsemen, clad in traditional billowing pants and blouses, raced past the marquee in which he sat with Pakistan's President Ayub Khan and drove their poised lances at pegs only 1½ inches wide (score: 1 point for every peg hit, 2 points for

every one knocked out of the ground, 4 points for every one impaled), Ike applauded as happily as a Senator fan with Harmon Killebrew at bat. He didn't even seem to mind that a team of four noncons beat their officer opponents handily.

A few hours later, Ike was ushered over to Karachi's National Stadium and helped out of his warm business jacket and into a comfortable green blazer marked "Pakistan Cricket Control Board" to watch a test match. "Good heavens," gasped a White House newsman, "he's wearing his Augusta golf club coat," but the captain of the visiting Australian team made no such mistake. "I see you've joined the opposition," he told the President. To make it definite that he was playing no favorites, Ike shook hands with all the players on both teams, then settled back in his seat to hound his Pakistani counterpart with what President Ayub Khan later described

as "the most inquisitive questions."

During the war, Ike explained at one point, British generals were always telling him they stood on pretty weak wickets. "What's a weak wicket?" he wanted to know. Ayub patiently explained that relative conditions such as softness of the ground sometimes favored either batsman or bowler wickerupon the other might complain of "being on a weak wicket." For a moment the questioner seemed satisfied.

By the end of half an hour of fairly dull play and fairly brisk questioning it seemed likely that Ike knew at least as much about cricket as his hosts did about baseball. Introduced to one Pakistani bowler who was described as an excellent batsman as well, the U.S. President grinned knowingly and remarked: "Pitchers aren't supposed to be good hitters."

The Pakistani cricketer bowed and grinned in polite but mystified acknowledgment. END

# PETE SHOWS RUGBY A TORPEDO





ENJOYING A HAPPY RESPIRE OF SPORT IN KARACHI, TOURING EISENHOWER WATCHES LANCER TENT PEGGING CONTEST

## In England a Yank teaches old dogs a new trick

by JOHN LOVESEY

**E**VEN Hollywood might hesitate to put on film the story pictured here on the left in which a handsome young American football hero in his very first year at Oxford is shown as he helped to win the annual rugger game against Cambridge. "What nonsense!" the critics would say. After all, only five Americans have ever made the Oxford Rugby varsity and none in their freshman year.

Yet the astonishing truth was that among the 58,000 Britons and Americans gathered at Twickenham Rugby Football Stadium to watch the 78th annual Oxford-Cambridge clash most had their eyes on a young American who came as close as anyone to being a star in a so-so game which Oxford won 9 to 3.

Playing right-wing threequarter back for Oxford, Peter Dawkins, former U.S. Army All-America, honor student and captain of the corps at West Point, was almost unbelievably engaged in only the 11th formal game

of Rugby he had played in his life, but by the end of 80 minutes of play, any doubts the British fans may have had over his inclusion in the Oxford team had been completely dispersed. "Peter Dawkins," wrote the *Daily Telegraph's* stern rugger expert E. W. Swanton, "looked quite the strongest and most accomplished wing threequarter on the field. . . . Not only did he never fail to be on hand in the orthodox place, his anticipation sometimes exceeded all expectations."

Football and Rugby are almost completely dissimilar in their styles of play. "In football," explains Dawkins, "the point is to gain yardage and in Rugby to keep the ball in play." Consequently both games vary greatly in their running and tackling techniques. At Oxford Dawkins has been taught to tackle not straight on with his head in front of the runner, American style, but from the side or back with his head placed behind the ball carrier, using the ball carrier's momentum to bring him down. Nevertheless he admits he is still tackling "in predominantly American fashion." At Twickenham this was pain-

fully evident to unpadding Cambridge players on two occasions when Dawkins' big-boned 205 pounds hit them. "That way I sap some of their enthusiasm," he grins boyishly.

Among other confusing details: in Rugby you may kick the ball on the run; you must not pass forward but either sideways or backward; and you begin play from a set "scrum" in which several members of the opposing teams line up to receive a ball tossed in from the sidelines. And Rugby's forwards, the equivalent of the American line, frequently take the ball over the goal line to make "a try" (touchdown) themselves. What most impressed the British about Dawkins' play was the long, low U.S.-style pass which the British press has enthusiastically dubbed the "torpedo throw-in." The fastness and spin with which Dawkins propels the stubbier British ball into the line-outs makes it difficult to catch, and it seems more than likely that many Britons may soon be following the new style.

Meanwhile Pete Dawkins is looking happily forward to spring when he plans to have a go at—that's right—cricket.

END



A GIANT LEAP FOR A LAYUP

# WILT KNOCKS 'EM DEAD

by JEREMIAH TAX

ONE-THIRD of the way through the season, it is clear that no rookie—in any sport—has ever achieved the smashing success that Philadelphia's 7-foot-plus Wilt Chamberlain presently enjoys in professional basketball. From the first, he has scored more points per game and pulled down more rebounds than any other player in the league. His defensive skill, like Bill Russell's, has intimidated all rival teams, forcing them to pass up easy shots repeatedly because of a well-justified fear that Wilt might block them.

Players defending against him are nearly always in danger of fouling out of games because the great effort required to keep up with Chamberlain drives them to undisciplined maneuvers. Wilt's remarkable stamina enables him to play the full 48 minutes, without substitution, whenever the Warriors need him. And he is bound to improve. As St. Louis Coach Ed Macauley says, "He will learn more from our old pros than they will from him." Finally, his presence is the principal reason why NBA attendance has increased almost 25%. Below is a detailed analysis of Chamberlain's record thus far.

	PHILADELPHIA'S TEAM RECORD	What Wilt has faced	How Wilt has done		
			MINUTES PLAYED	POINTS SCORED	REBOUNDS
AGAINST <b>BOSTON</b>	Won 2 Lost 3	Boston's Bill Russell, quicker than Wilt and as good a jumper but not nearly so strong, is chiefly responsible for Boston's victories, because he can play Wilt man-for-man, free his teammates for other assignments. But even he gets help occasionally.	Total—234 Average per game—46.8	Total—185 Average per game—37.0 Shooting pct.—44.9	Total—141 Average per game—28.2
AGAINST <b>ST. LOUIS</b>	Won 1 Lost 2	St. Louis has held Wilt to his lowest averages because two tall, strong centers alternate against him. Coach Ed Macauley does not believe in "special" tactics. "After all," he says, "how do you pitch to Hank Aaron? You just do your best."	Total—129 Average per game—46.3	Total—83 Average per game—27.7 Shooting pct.—39.7	Total—58 Average per game—24.5
AGAINST <b>CINCINNATI</b>	Won 3 Lost 0	Cincinnati yields 40 points a game because neither of its centers is anywhere near as agile as Wilt. However, Phil Jordan is effective against Chamberlain on offense; he has a fine hook shot, a weapon Russell has learned to cope with but Wilt has not.	Total—129 Average per game—49.6	Total—121 Average per game—40.3 Shooting pct.—44.6	Total—88 Average per game—22.7
AGAINST <b>MINNEAPOLIS</b>	Won 2 Lost 1	Minneapolis often centers its rebounds to Wilt in favor of falling back to positions in Chamberlain's pet shooting areas. Center Larry Frost always does an outstanding defensive job on Wilt for part of each game, but he no longer has the stamina to go 48 minutes.	Total—144 Average per game—48	Total—95 Average per game—31.7 Shooting pct.—38.7	Total—91 Average per game—30.3
AGAINST <b>NEW YORK</b>	Won 3 Lost 1	New York has no adequate pivot man to throw against Wilt, therefore plays Center Charlie Tyra in a corner as part of a "perimeter" offense. On defense, however, this weakness shows up in Wilt's fine shooting percentage, despite much double-teaming.	Total—152 Average per game—48	Total—145 Average per game—35.7 Shooting pct.—46.1	Total—158 Average per game—31.6
AGAINST <b>DETROIT</b>	Won 3 Lost 0 Wilt missed 1 game	Detroit's center, Walter Dukes is one of the league's best offensive rebounders, which accounts for Wilt's comparatively low average here. However, Dukes commits many fouls and cannot contest position with Wilt—the reason for his high point average.	Total—93 Average per game—46.5	Total—77 Average per game—38.5 Shooting pct.—43.9	Total—51 Average per game—25.5
AGAINST <b>SYRACUSE</b>	Won 2 Lost 2	Syracuse's Coach Paul Seymour believes Wilt and Russell pose the same problem and that both must be played man-for-man. He has two big men for the job. But he does admit "We front off Philly a backcourt a little" to jam Wilt's shooting area.	Total—187 Average per game—47.7	Total—142 Average per game—35.5 Shooting pct.—43.2	Total—105 Average per game—26.2



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## Take a little **Seven-Up** aboard for your holiday fun!

Now is the time for all good hosts to get 7-Up for their parties. Why, even those red and green bottles look Christmas-y! And what's inside might have been invented for holiday fun.

Seven-Up in a highball makes a glittering, glamorous drink. And a *delicious* one—because 7-Up flatters your whiskey (*any* whiskey you serve) into tasting its mellow best.

Seven-Up by itself is the holiday drink for people who don't drink. It sparkles like champagne and has a fresh, clean taste that reminds you of pine trees and snow banks.

Shouldn't you order more 7-Up now?

Nothing does it like Seven-Up!







# BOUNTIFUL BOWLS

This year they bring together all the country's top teams and a fine array of stars. They'll enrich the schools and entertain the nation



If you see a man walking approximately two feet off the ground in Pasadena, Dallas or New Orleans, mark him down as one of the sponsors of the bowl game coming to his city January 1.

The reason for his elation is simple. The teams in the Rose, Cotton and Sugar bowls this year all are among the top 10 in the nation. This in itself is as rare a phenomenon as truffles with a TV dinner. But it isn't all this bowl season brings. Every last one of the country's 10 best teams is in a bowl somewhere, and all of them may be viewed with no more effort than is required to twist a television dial. Fans who shudderingly recall the drought year of 1955, when only four of the top teams played in bowls, can now count on seeing not only Wisconsin's talented quarterback, Dale Hackbart (opposite), but all the other stars of the country's best eleven; among them Billy Cannon, Charlie Flowers, Gerhard Schwedes and Maxie Baughan.

Syracuse, first team in the land, meets Texas, ranked fourth, Mississippi (2nd) takes on Louisiana State (3rd). Wisconsin (6th) engages Washington (8th). Then it's Georgia (5th) against Missouri (18th) and Arkansas (9th) against Georgia Tech in the other established bowls. Texas Christian (7th) appears in the inaugural game of the Bluebonnet Bowl at Houston against Clemson (11th) before a gathering of 50,000 this Saturday. Alabama (10th) and Penn State (12th) should attract 35,000 to Philadelphia's equally new Liberty Bowl on the same day.

Any way you look at it, the lineup is impressive. But viewing it financially, it is Dun and Bradstreet AAA 1. Television, ticket and concession revenues for the four New Year's Day games and the Gator Bowl (January 2) will add up to a cool \$2,670,000, of which some \$2 million will go to the 10 schools. Since nonprofitmaking civic boosters are behind the bowls, they will plow nearly all of their receipts back into the enterprises. As usual, all the conference-affiliated schools will have to share the wealth with conference offices and schools. Thus Syracuse, the only independent playing on the big day, will receive far and away the largest sum—upward of \$175,000. That would leave \$100,000 even if Syracuse managed to splurge \$75,000 on

expenses. This is not improbable, since bowl teams take along large retinues of deserving supporters.

Although Washington and Wisconsin will split the largest pie—\$775,000—the Badgers will probably net the smallest purse of the day—about \$60,000—after sharing with nine other schools and the Big Ten GHQ. Wisconsin's expenses, in fact, may cut into its purse to the point that it will bank less than Minnesota and the others. It has happened before. Next to Syracuse, LSU and Ole Miss will be the best rewarded, each receiving an even \$100,000 after meeting conference obligations.

For the teams it won't be all work and no play. Whenever possible, they are given their choice of diversions. The Washington and Wisconsin players, for example, made it clear this year that they wanted most of all to visit Disneyland. The trip Khrushchev missed and mourned will be made by them in style, with a hand to salute them and Rose Bowl lovelies close by. They will also see the filming of TV westerns and will ride whenever they go in 41 white cars.

At Dallas, the Syracuse and Texas Cotton Bowl teams will see a championship rodeo and have a private screening of a new movie. At Miami, the Orange Bowl people will offer the men of Georgia and Missouri the pleasures of ocean-front living, surf bathing and deep-sea fishing. Mississippi and Louisiana State will arrive at New Orleans too late for pregame entertainment, but afterward the teams will have a colossal buffet featuring Gulf seafood and after that will have the fairest flowers of the city to tap for dancing partners. Miss America holds the list of visible attractions at Jacksonville. The Arkansas and Georgia Tech Gator Bowl teams will also admire the dog track where handicaps will be named for them.

The lavish postgame dinner party is standard everywhere, and most of the athletes, if not all, will receive \$75 walking-around money, as well as souvenir gifts. These are watches for the majority but inscribed binoculars for the Rose Bowl teams.

Chief bogey of the bowl sponsors is that temperamental and all-powerful figure, the coach. He decides how much liberty to grant his players and exactly how much training austerity to demand before the game, which he would crawl over broken glass from Natchez to Nome to win. So far this year, the coaches have raised no storm warnings. Fun, sun and fame are just around the corner for the bowl teams. In the next five pages **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** analyzes the squads and predicts the winners.



Photograph by Richard Mead

**PASADENA BOUND.** Wisconsin's tall, seasoned quarterback, Dale Hackbart, leads Big Ten champions into the Rose Bowl.

FOR SCOUTING REPORTS ON THE BOWL TEAMS TURN THE PAGE

# ROSE BOWL

PASADENA

## WASHINGTON VS. WISCONSIN



Quarterbacks will be the men to see as 100,000 watch the Big Ten and Coast champs. NBC-TV, 4:45 P.M., E.S.T.



BOB SCHLOREDT  
ONE-EYED QUARTERBACK



DALE HACKBART  
ROLL-OUT RUNNER

## WASHINGTON *Brawny and tough*

As a team the Huskies are very much like Wisconsin in that they are stout defensively, are deficient in backfield speed and rely heavily on outstanding quarterbacks. There are three important differences, though, and two of them favor Wisconsin: more beef in the Badger line and backfield and greater maturity over-all (Washington has 10 juniors and one sophomore on its starting unit, Wisconsin has no fewer than nine seniors). The third difference, however, could offset the first two. Washington passes more frequently than Wisconsin and with greater effect. In Bob Schloredt, Coach Jim Owens has a first-class field leader who completed 39 of 75 passes for 733 yards during the season. If Schloredt can hold the Husky offense together, as he so often has this year, the game is going to be extremely close. It also may be the most dramatic of the bowl games, with Schloredt and Wisconsin's Dale Hackbart engaged in a suspenseful duel. Their excellent replacements—Bob Hivner for the Huskies and Jim Bakken for the Badgers—can carry on the battle if either is hurt. Don't be surprised if all get a tremendous rush. Toughness will win this game.

## WISCONSIN *Brawnier and tougher*

The big, experienced and somewhat conservative Badgers are often most impressive when the other team has the ball. Few other squads, if any, can inflict as much sheer physical punishment. By ferocious (and, from all accounts, clean) tackling, they have sent to the infirmary some of the best players they opposed this year. Keep an eye on Linebacker Jerry Stalcup and Tackle Dan Lanphear: they are the chief executors among the brawny interior linemen (average weight: 221 pounds). The secondary, once shaky on pass defense, found its bearings at midseason and is now adequate, although it could be fooled by a long one from Schloredt. Coach Milt Bruhn's offense is heavily weighted toward running. The backs are big, too, and are bruising runners to a man, but, except for Quarterback Hackbart, slow of foot. Grant Washington its marvelous condition and mental toughness, grant it a more effective passing game, but respect that Wisconsin line. The Badgers have recovered from their late-season weariness and are burning to make amends for their 1963 Rose Bowl defeat, the only postwar loss by a Big Ten team at Pasadena.

### THE RECORD

21 COLORADO	13
22 IDAHO	8
15 UTAH	8
16 STANFORD	6
15 USC	23
13 OREGON	12
22 UCLA	7
13 OREGON ST.	8
25 CALIFORNIA	6
25 WASHINGTON ST.	6

### THE ROSTER

11 QB	Allen	51 LG
12 RB	Schloredt	38 RG
15 DB	Schloredt	71 RT
25 LB	White	73 LT
34 FB	Schloredt	34 RT
35 FB	Kennedy	75 RG
36 RB	Gagner	76 LT
38 RB	Clayton	61 LE
50 C	Feldman	82 LE
55 C	Meyers	55 RE

### X-RAY BOX

	WASH	OPP.		WASH.	OPP.
Runs attempted	515	441	2-pt. conv. att.	3	7
Rushing yardage	1,797	1,418	Successful	2	2
Passes attempted	115	181	1-pt. conv. att.	26	3
Passes completed	58	46	Successful	19	1
Passing yardage	848	747	Best kickoff ret.	62	62
Passes intercepted by	37	7	Avg. kickoff ret.	26.9	19.4
TDs on int'cepts	9	2	TDs on kickoff	0	0
Punts	61	62	Punt returns	38	33
Avg. dist. punts	39.1	37.6	Longest punt ret.	48	11
Fumbles	40	37	Avg. punt ret.	8.5	2.8
Fumbles lost	21	17	TDs, punt ret.	0	0
Field goals att.	4	0	Penalties	46	38
Successful	4	0	Yds. lost pens.	351	332

### THE RECORD

16 STANFORD	14
44 MARQUETTE	8
6 PURDUE	21
25 IOWA	10
12 OHIO STATE	5
13 MICHIGAN	16
24 NORTHWESTERN	10
8 ILLINOIS	5
11 MINNESOTA	7

### THE ROSTER

35 QB	Schloredt	52 LG
36 RB	Schloredt	38 RG
37 DB	Schloredt	71 RT
38 DB	Schloredt	73 LT
39 FB	Schloredt	75 RG
40 FB	Schloredt	76 LT
41 FB	Schloredt	77 RT
42 FB	Schloredt	78 LT
43 FB	Schloredt	79 RT
44 FB	Schloredt	80 LT
45 FB	Schloredt	81 RT
46 FB	Schloredt	82 LT
47 FB	Schloredt	83 RT
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56 FB	Schloredt	92 LT
57 FB	Schloredt	93 RT
58 FB	Schloredt	94 LT
59 FB	Schloredt	95 RT
60 FB	Schloredt	96 LT
61 FB	Schloredt	97 RT
62 FB	Schloredt	98 LT
63 FB	Schloredt	99 RT
64 FB	Schloredt	100 LT

### X-RAY BOX

	WIS.	OPP.		WIS.	OPP.
Runs attempted	459	382	2-pt. conv. att.	5	5
Rushing yardage	1,533	1,423	Successful	5	4
Passes attempted	115	187	1-pt. conv. att.	11	8
Passes completed	54	92	Successful	10	7
Passing yardage	783	1,242	Best kickoff ret.	35	25
Passes intercepted by	32	12	Avg. kickoff ret.	17.4	15.7
TDs on int'cepts	3	6	TDs on kickoff	0	0
Punts	54	41	Punt returns	17	27
Avg. dist. punts	37.6	36.2	Longest punt ret.	32	18
Fumbles	27	42	Avg. punt ret.	16.2	8.0
Fumbles lost	18	18	TDs, punt ret.	0	0
Field goals att.	11	4	Penalties	36	45
Successful	7	2	Yds. lost pens.	324	382

# COTTON BOWL

DALLAS

## SYRACUSE VS. TEXAS

Pride of the East, the nation's top team laces the Longhorns on alien ground before 75,000.  
CBS-TV, 3:45 P.M., E.S.T.



JACK COLLINS  
BACKFIELD WORKHORSE



GERHARD SCHWEDIS  
VERSATILE LEADER

## TEXAS May surprise

The Longhorns' only defeat of the season came in their game with the opponent which most resembles Syracuse—Texas Christian. TCU, with a line as big as Syracuse's, held the quick, opportunistic Texans in check for most of their game, then went ahead on a 56-yard scoring run made possible by a rare Texas defensive lapse. Syracuse can expect no such gift from Darrell Royal's well-grounded Texans, who will hit harder than any other team on the Orange schedule and will have a geographic advantage in playing in the familiar Cotton Bowl before some of the loudest nonstop rooters in the country. Syracuse will also have to gird itself for the speedy thrusts out of the split- and wing T of Sophomore Backs Jack Collins, Jim Saxton and Mike Cotten, three who can run with the Syracuse backs. Surprisingly, Texas' ultimate weapon may turn out to be the pass, which it used only sparingly during the season but with impressive effectiveness (eight touchdowns on only 37 completions). If the Longhorns stall on the ground, look for them to pass—the running pass is especially potent—and in any event look for a close, exciting game.

## SYRACUSE A solid choice

Sound as a McKinley dollar and justly ranked first in the nation, the Orangemen have the only perfect record among major college teams, whom they lead in total offense, total defense, rushing offense and scoring. Syracuse thus provides the hungry East with its greatest opportunity for an important bowl victory by a nonservice team since Pitt shut out Washington at Pasadena in 1937. Ben Schwartzwalder's men, led by Guard Roger Davis and End Fred Mautino on the rugged line, do not have a discernible weakness except, possibly, defense against the medium pass. The team has size, speed, depth (28 useful players) and a real field boss in Halfback Ger (Der Führer) Schwedis. Often it looks nonchalant coming to the line of scrimmage, but there is nothing casual about the way it explodes when Quarterback Dave Sarette or Dick Easterly shoves the ball into the stomachs of the likes of Schwedis, Ernie Davis or Art Baker. There are five men who pass, too—so deftly, in fact, that Syracuse has the second-best completion record in the country. Heavier, deeper, more consistent than Texas, Syracuse should win in a close one, Texas speed and all.

THE RECORD			THE ROSTER					
25	NEBRASKA	9	Cotton	12	DB	Drysdale	68	RG
26	MARYLAND	6	Looney	22	DB	Laughlin	87	C
31	CALIFORNIA	6	Gurwitz	24	BE	Jones	76	BT
33	OKLAHOMA	12	Quaid	32	FB	Tethers	72	LY
12	ARKANSAS	12	Brensch	42	FB	Schultz	86	LE
26	RICE	8	Ramirez	40	RM	Duke	81	LG
31	SMU	4	Collins	40	LM	Halm	83	RE
12	BAYLOR	12	Haworth	34	LG	Stephens	84	LY
6	TCU	14	Musnick	43	C	Cooper	85	LE
36	TEXAS A&M	17	Knapp	54	RG	Lee	88	RE

X-RAY BOX			TEXAS OFF.		
Runs attempted	518	483	2-pt. conv. att.	8	4
Rushing yardage	2,261	1,591	Successful	2	0
Passes attempted	86	173	1-pt. conv. att.	22	7
Passes completed	37	84	Successful	16	4
Passing yardage	469	854	Best kickoff ret.	25	71
TD's on int'cepts	11	6	Avg. kickoff ret.	18.8	12.8
Punts	68	63	TDs on kickoff	0	0
Avg. dist. punts	39.8	31.4	Punt returns	27	26
Fumbles	26	41	Longest punt ret.	38	27
Fumbles lost	13	25	Avg. punt ret.	7.4	7.8
Field goals att.	1	5	TDs, punt ret.	0	0
Successful	0	1	Fumbles	65	44
			Yds. lost pens.	696	455

THE RECORD			THE ROSTER					
23	KANSAS	21	Schwedis	68	RM	Feller	82	LG
20	MARYLAND	10	Reimer	17	RM	Tarson	86	RG
33	KU	10	Sarette	23	DB	R. Davis	80	LG
42	MOLY CROSS	8	Reimer	23	LM	Brown	76	OT
44	WEST VIRGINIA	9	Reimer	23	FB	Gerlick	77	OT
35	PITTSBURGH	9	Baker	36	FB	Yousman	78	OT
20	PENN STATE	10	E. Davis	44	LM	Tates	70	IT
71	COLGATE	9	Wisher	48	RM	Mautino	82	RE
46	BOSTON U.	9	Easterly	40	DB	Gilman	87	RE
36	UCLA	9	Bentley	50	C	Shonicki	88	LE

X-RAY BOX			SYR. OFF.		
Runs attempted	378	362	2-pt. conv. att.	20	7
Rushing yardage	3,136	150	Successful	11	2
Passes attempted	169	384	1-pt. conv. att.	36	2
Passes completed	93	73	Successful	28	1
Passing yardage	1,379	769	Best kickoff ret.	29	100
Passes int'cepted by	19	14	Avg. kickoff ret.	16.8	22.9
TDs on int'cepts	4	9	TDs on kickoff	0	2
Punts	29	78	Punt returns	47	14
Avg. dist. punts	35.6	38.7	Longest punt ret.	89	14
Fumbles	26	25	Avg. punt ret.	8.9	6.5
Fumbles lost	13	15	TDs, punt ret.	0	0
Field goals att.	3	0	Fumbles	68	29
Successful	2	0	Yds. lost pens.	679	244

# SUGAR BOWL

NEW ORLEANS

## LSU VS. MISSISSIPPI

The Tigers and Rebels play a sequel, before 80,000, to their October thriller, won by LSU. NBC-TV, 1:45 P.M., E.S.T.



BILLY CANNON  
TOP BACK OF THE YEAR



CHARLIE FLOWERS  
LINE BUSTING FULLBACK

## LSU Defenders to the end

If you like your football free and easy, with long passes, wide sweeps and tall scores, better change channels. This should be a defensive game, conservative, fundamental. The two teams met earlier this season, you may recall, and LSU won 7-3 when Billy Cannon returned a punt 89 yards for a touchdown late in the game. Cannon was picked on every All-America team, so he alone should be worth watching. He is a brutal runner, strong and fast. His favorite play is a smash over his own right tackle, unspectacular but effective. Because the Ole Miss line puts strong pressure on passers, Quarterback Warren Rabb, whose injured knee should be fit again by New Year's Day, will probably pass just often enough to keep Ole Miss from overloading against Cannon. LSU's greatest asset is its depth. Coach Paul Dietzel still uses three distinct squads—the White Team, the Go Team and the Chinese Bandits—and again has a marvelous defense. Only two of LSU's 10 opponents this season were able to score touchdowns. Therefore it will probably be LSU's tactics to wage a careful battle and wait for—hope for—Ole Miss to make a mistake, like punting to Billy Cannon.

## MISSISSIPPI Opening up, should win

In nine of their 10 games this season, the Rebels played dazzling football with dazzling results. Using three or four sets of backs, they presented a supremely balanced attack, complete with long and short passes, quarterback options and blasts into the middle of the line by Charlie Flowers, their All-America fullback. In those nine games Ole Miss scored 326 points while giving up only 14. But on the evening in October when they played LSU the Rebels were a different team. Scoring on a field goal early in the game, their 3-0 lead made them cautious. Three times during the third period they punted on first down. When Cannon made his long touchdown run to put LSU ahead, Ole Miss came charging back, its caution gone. But LSU stopped the drive a yard short of the goal 18 seconds before the game ended. Now Ole Miss gets a second chance. Although its backs, led by Flowers and Quarterback Jake Gibbs, are outstanding, Mississippi won't score anything like the 33 points a game it averaged against the tough LSU line. But, assuming Ole Miss has stopped punting on first down, it should score enough—twice should do—to win.

### THE RECORD

26 BOCE	3
10 YCU	0
22 BAYLOR	0
33 MIAMI	1
5 KENTUCKY	8
8 FLORIDA	8
7 MISSISSIPPI	3
12 TENNESSEE	14
27 MISSISSIPPI STATE	9
14 TULARE	8

### THE ROSTER

Jenkins	10 QB	Langston	53 C
Ross	2 QB	Winters	60 LG
Matheson	16 QB	Fearnot	85 LC
Cannon	10 LH	McGroddy	87 RG
Purdie	32 LH	LeBlanc	70 LT
Robinson	24 RH	Stratton	75 RT
Gree	48 FB	Branch	75 LT
Schaeppel	42 FB	Nichols	81 RE
Dave	44 FB	McGill	82 LE
Fugler	51 C	Manham	86 RE

### THE RECORD

16 HOUSTON	6
18 KENTUCKY	0
43 MEMPHIS STATE	6
32 VANDERBILT	0
32 TULANE	7
28 ARKANSAS	6
3 LSU	7
36 CHATTANOOGA	6
37 TENNESSEE	7
42 MISSISSIPPI STATE	6

### THE ROSTER

Franklin	10 QB	Kempthorne	82 LT
Gibbs	12 QB	Tarrell	83 RG
Blair	22 LH	Price	85 LG
Crosby	31 RH	Shepard	78 RG
Woodruff	32 LH	Benton	77 RT
Flowers	41 FB	Davis	78 RT
Anderson	45 FB	Robinson	75 LT
Perkins	42 RH	Gandy	80 RE
Nick	53 C	Bywater	81 RE
Alford	86 LG	Greenham	88 LE

### X-RAY BOX

	LSU	OPP.		LSU	OPP.
Runs attempted	510	456	2-pt. conv. att.	6	6
Rushing yards	1,664	904	Successful	2	0
Passes attempted	131	169	1-pt. conv. att.	16	3
Passes completed	59	56	Successful	11	2
Passing yards	784	524	Block kicked ret.	39	27
Punt/avg. yard by	13	9	Avg. kickoff ret.	19.6	16.0
TDE on int./repts	1	1	TDE on kickoff	0	0
Punts	72	81	Punt returns	47	45
Avg. dist. punts	38.9	38.3	Longest punt ret.	69	59
Fumbles	40	24	Avg. punt ret.	9.2	7.9
Fumbles lost	23	13	TDEs, punt ret.	1	1
Field goals att.	8	9	Penalties	54	58
Successful	5	3	Yds. lost pen.	490	310

### X-RAY BOX

	MISS.	OPP.		MISS.	OPP.
Runs attempted	528	385	2-pt. conv. att.	14	0
Rushing yards	2,394	909	Successful	8	0
Passes attempted	178	132	1-pt. conv. att.	31	3
Passes completed	81	51	Successful	26	1
Passing yards	1,245	533	Block kicked ret.	49	52
Punt/avg. yard by	11	7	Avg. kickoff ret.	21.2	18.9
TDE on int./repts	1	0	TDE on kickoff	0	0
Punts	18	79	Punt returns	27	19
Avg. dist. punts	35.3	32.6	Longest punt ret.	85	69
Fumbles	27	29	Avg. punt ret.	11.0	12.7
Fumbles lost	13	18	TDEs, punt ret.	1	1
Field goals att.	13	3	Penalties	69	54
Successful	5	0	Yds. lost pen.	671	366

# ORANGE BOWL

MIAMI

## GEORGIA VS. MISSOURI

The amazing Bulldogs close out a strong year against a Big Eight Invader before 75,000.  
CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M., E.S.T.



MEL WEST  
FLEET OUTSIDE RUNNER



PAT DYE  
HARD-HITTING TACKLER

## MISSOURI Porous pass defense

When Missouri breaks from its huddle and trots up to the line of scrimmage, there's no telling what formation it will use—the regular T, split-T, wing T or slot T. For this reason the Tigers are called a multiple-offense team, which suits them fine. On New Year's Day they may even try a few plays from the single wing, as they did on occasion during the season, just to test their effect on Georgia. Perhaps Missouri's most unorthodox and successful maneuver this season was the quick kick, executed by second-string Quarterback Bob Haas from the left-halfback position, taking the ball on a direct snap from center. The Missouri line is big and not easily run through. It can, however, be passed over and around. Because Missouri is a slow team, its pass defense is poor. To guard against long touchdown passes, the secondary makes itself vulnerable to the shorties. Missouri encountered three fine passers this season, Richie Lucas, Don Meredith and Gale Sayers, and each had a lovely time passing Missouri to defeat. Unless the Missouri line can keep Georgia's quarterbacks under constant pressure, Missouri's defensive backfield can expect a busy day.

## GEORGIA Victory through air power

Any time, anyplace, no matter what the score, chances are that Georgia will pass. Never mind the quick kick or the third-down punt. Just give them that football and let them throw. Coach Wally Butts has devised an intricate array of pass patterns, and he is fortunate to have two men who are adept at hitting the zigzagging receivers. One is Francis Tarkenton, a junior with the professional habit of waiting until a receiver is open before throwing. Although Tarkenton tosses a long one now and then, he is better at the short pass. Charley Britt takes care of the long-distance numbers. Georgia passes so often that opposing secondaries play back, thereby making things easier for Georgia's runners. It isn't really a good running attack that Georgia has, but it's the only one it has. When Georgia is forced to punt, it punts in style with Bobby Walden, a good one. The line is quick and tough and eager to get the initial charge. The pass defense, especially on the deep ones, is tight. The Orange Bowl, then, brings together an interesting combination: a team that has had trouble stopping passes and a team that can pass. It should be fun for Georgia.

### THE RECORD

8 PENN STATE	10
20 MICHIGAN	15
14 IOWA STATE	6
2 SMU	23
0 OKLAHOMA	22
8 NEBRASKA	1
25 COLORADO	25
12 AIR FORCE	9
26 KANSAS STATE	0
13 KANSAS	0

### THE ROSTER

Snodden	14 QB	Bleime	54 LT
Tamson	15 FB	Hestey	52 LO
Bessert	17 RH	Wegener	50 LT
Boel	21 LH	Megas	76 RT
Hess	22 QB	Brinkman	78 RT
Wren	28 LH	Callahan	78 RG
Hitts	32 FB	Garretts	96 LE
Sweeney	35 C	Shoon	54 LE
McCortney	52 C	Midcock	56 RE
Carole	53 RG	LoRae	61 RE

### THE RECORD

17 ALABAMA	3
21 VANDERBILT	0
14 S. CAROLINA	20
26 HARVARD-SIMMONS	8
15 MISSISSIPPI STATE	0
16 KENTUCKY	7
42 FLORIDA STATE	6
21 FLORIDA	16
14 SURBURN	13
21 GEORGIA TECH	14

### THE ROSTER

Tarkenton	16 QB	Penney	53 LG
Britt	17 QB	Reid	58 RG
Brown	28 LH	Lawrence	76 RT
Edwards	37 FB	Cox	76 LT
Taney	38 RH	Lucas	77 RT
Walden	35 LH	Levenson	76 LT
Gaskley	42 FB	Harris	91 RE
Thompson	53 C	Vickers	92 LE
Sabo	55 C	Kelley	94 LT
Dye	58 LC	Bee	95 RE

### X-RAY BOX

MO.	OPP.		MO.	OPP.
552	462	2-pt. conv. att.	3	9
1,596	1,522	Successful	1	4
149	177	1-pt. conv. att.	15	6
54	90	Successful	18	4
731	1,067	Best kickoff ret.	36	89
8	6	Avg. kickoff ret.	17.3	19.0
0	0	TDs on kickoff	0	0
58	57	Punt returns	34	26
33.6	32.9	Longest punt ret.	30	33
27	30	Avg. punt ret.	5.6	7.0
11	18	TDs, punt ret.	0	0
3	2	Penalties	34	59
1	1	Yds. lost pens.	387	513

### X-RAY BOX

	GA.	OPP.		GA.	OPP.
Runs attempted	459	443	2-pt. conv. att.	2	5
Rushing yardage	1,602	1,336	Successful	1	5
Passes attempted	154	131	1-pt. conv. att.	28	3
Passes completed	83	79	Successful	26	4
Passing yardage	1,343	754	Best kickoff ret.	34	56
Passes intercepted by	19	11	Avg. kickoff ret.	23.4	23.6
TDs on intercepts	2	1	TDs on kickoff	0	0
Punts	65	73	Punt returns	23	30
Avg. dist. punts	37.6	35.4	Longest punt ret.	39	22
Fumbles	31	25	Avg. punt ret.	9.9	10.6
Fumbles lost	15	18	TDs, punt ret.	1	0
Field goals att.	3	4	Penalties	49	48
Successful	2	3	Yds. lost pens.	463	502

# GATOR BOWL

JACKSONVILLE

## ARKANSAS VS. GA. TECH



The light but potent Razorbacks hurl speed at Yellow Jacket heft before 40,000 Jan. 2. CBS-TV, 2 P.M., E.S.T.



MAXIE BAUGHAN  
DEFENSIVE TROUBLESHOOTER



JIM MOOTY  
BREAKAWAY RUNNER

## GEORGIA TECH *Good big men*

This is not a vintage year at Georgia Tech, where generally the quality is high, but woe to the team that relies on that fact. There is plenty of body in Tech's punishing line, which averages 216 pounds per man. All-America Center-Linebacker Maxie Baughan calls the signals for a superbly refined defense that will keep Tech in the game. The Yellow Jackets are entirely capable of spending the afternoon punting, punting, punting until they force a fumble or an interception or a blocked kick. And their offense could get going if mercurial Quarterback Fred Brasetton chooses New Year's to have one of his good days. When he is on he is a damaging passer and shrewd playmaker who can get a lot of yardage out of Halfbacks Billy Williamson and Frank Nix running wide. And if they're going well Brasetton can send powerful, stand-up runner Tax Anderson straight up the middle, where his inability to cut, however, may hamper him. It would be old-style Georgia Tech football at its exciting best. An in-and-out team that has been plagued with injuries all year, Tech may sparkle fiercely. It hardly could go altogether flat.

## ARKANSAS *Better little men*

All season it was the same story: the good little men of Arkansas were usually better than the good big men they played against. Partly this was due to the astute game strategy of Coach Frank Broyles, but mostly it could be attributed to the team's great speed and mobility. Basically a running team, the fiery Razorbacks have two constant touchdown threats in Halfbacks Jim Mooty and Lance Alworth, running out of the slot-T formation which Arkansas favors. But Quarterback Jim Monroe is a deadly short passer and will throw long on occasion, mainly to the swift Alworth, thus giving his team a diversified attack. It is on defense that Arkansas will have to scramble. Its lack of size (the line averages 195 pounds) makes it vulnerable to straight-ahead power, and Arkansas frequently overshifts, exposing the short side of the field to end sweeps of the airt Tech dotes on. On the credit side, the fast Razorbacks seldom give up long passes and they possess a wonderful red-dogger in Linebacker Wayne Harris. Moreover, Broyles will want to shine against his old boss, Bobby Dodd. His team's speed and versatility should carry the day.

### THE RECORD

14 KENTUCKY	12
12 SMU	12
18 CLINCHON	8
14 KENTUCKY	7
14 AUBURN	7
21 TULANE	15
7 DUKE	10
14 NOTRE DAME	10
7 ALABAMA	8
14 GEORGIA	21

### THE ROSTER

Brasetton	11 QB	Emken	51 LG
Vickeloff	15 QB	Rand	48 RG
Nix	28 RB	Pigman	55 RB
Faustett	25 LH	Spase	71 LT
Gravins	28 LH	Osner	72 RT
Williamson	30 RH	Nutting	75 RT
Anderson	41 FB	Powell	80 LC
Smith	42 FB	Murphy	84 RC
Boogham	55 C	Rudolph	85 RC
McKinney	80 LG	Burch	88 LC

### THE RECORD

26 TULSA	5
13 OKLAHOMA STATE	1
3 TCU	0
23 BAYLOR	7
12 TEXAS	13
5 MISSISSIPPI	16
12 TEXAS A&M	7
14 RICE	10
17 SMU	14
27 TEXAS TECH	8

### THE ROSTER

Monroe	10 QB	Gardner	56 RG
McKinney	11 QB	Lupton	55 LG
Alworth	33 RB	Gaston	86 LG
Mooty	74 LH	Hickford	72 RT
Spase	27 RH	McIntosh	74 LT
Coa	31 FB	Koe	74 LT
Williams	43 LH	Coates	81 LC
Alworth	43 FB	Tramm	85 RC
Sexton	55 C	Busher	84 LC
Harris	55 C	Longinger	88 RC

### X-RAY BOX

GA TECH	OPP.	GA TECH	OPP.
Runs attempted	427	2-pt. conv. att.	2
Rushing yardage	1,410	Successful	0
Passes attempted	94	1-pt. conv. att.	16
Passes completed	44	Successful	15
Passing yardage	577	Best kickoff ret.	43
Passes intercepted by	9	Avg. kickoff ret.	26.6
TDs on int'cepts	0	TDs on kickoff	0
Punts	73	Punt returns	28
Avg. dist. punts	38.7	Longest punt ret.	58
Fumbles	22	Avg. punt ret.	11.2
Fumbles lost	15	TDs, punt ret.	0
Field goals att.	3	Presaves	83
Successful	2	Yds. lost pens.	269

### X-RAY BOX

ARK.	OPP.	ARK.	OPP.
Runs attempted	512	2-pt. conv. att.	5
Rushing yardage	2,146	Successful	2
Passes attempted	140	1-pt. conv. att.	16
Passes completed	45	Successful	11
Passing yardage	532	Best kickoff ret.	31
Passes intercepted by	9	Avg. kickoff ret.	19.9
TDs on int'cepts	0	TDs, punt ret.	0
Punts	53	Punt returns	20
Avg. dist. punts	36.6	Longest punt ret.	44
Fumbles	30	Avg. punt ret.	7.2
Fumbles lost	26	TDs, punt ret.	0
Field goals att.	4	Presaves	52
Successful	2	Yds. lost pens.	485

# Panatela Profiles

by Robt. Burns

A characterization



*S. Claus —  
North Pole —  
philanthropist —  
says, "If you want  
to do something nice  
for a man this Christmas,  
give him a box of  
Robt. Burns Panatelas.  
From the requests I'm getting...  
they seem to be  
the most popular  
panatelas on earth."*



All  
Robt. Burns  
cigars are  
handsomely  
gift-wrapped.  
Priced from about  
\$2.35 to \$7.50.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## End-of-year Notes

**S**HORT ITEMS of quiet and miscellaneous wonder, from a single week's news, as 1959 drew to a close: SEVIERVILLE, TENN. — George Stoutt, a gas station operator, bagged an African lion when it reared up and snarled at him in a field near his home. Turned out the lion was AWOL from a traveling animal show.

FRESNO, CALIF. — Owner Harley Oremus watched as a bald eagle snatched up his chihuahua Poco, carried Poco high in the air and then dropped him into Millerton Lake. Oremus rescued Poco, complained to authorities about eagles, was told eagles must be conserved. "How about chihuahuas?" he wanted to know.

MINNEAPOLIS — Game wardens apprehended Phillip Turnbull, a bricklayer, said he was spreading whisky-soaked corn to wild ducks, then sending his dog to retrieve them, reeling with holiday cheer, for his freezer. Turnbull was fined \$200. Not for getting ducks drunk—no law against that—but for hunting out of season.

## Abolitionists Routed

**T**HE \$2 windows will be open for business as usual in 1960. The track owners followed the agenda at their annual meeting in New Orleans and brought up the subject of abol-

ishing the hallowed \$2 bet. But after the groans that came from the railbirds last month when the idea first got aired (SI, Nov. 23), nobody spoke up for abolition at all.

## Down the Mountain and Out

**A**MERICA'S No. 1 Olympic skier, Bud Werner, was poised at the top of Buckhorn Trail on Aspen Mountain, Colo., ready to run an intricate course marked by the fluttering red, yellow and blue flags of slalom poles set in the snow. The Squaw Valley Olympics were two months away, but the U.S. squad was already in training. Werner shoved off, shortly entered a nest of poles and unexpectedly pitched forward.

It was a routine fall, the sort that happens a hundred times to a racing skier, but Werner felt a sharp pain as his leg twisted and he hit the snow. He rolled over and pulled himself to a sitting position. Teammate Jim Barrier took Werner's skis off, Ski Patrolmen Dick Bird and Jim Paschel eased him gently onto a toboggan and hauled him down to a waiting jeep. Dr. Robert O'Den of the Aspen hospital X-rayed the leg. The plates showed a spiral fracture of the right tibia about one-third of the way up from the ankle and a simple fracture of the right fibula, a little higher.

Werner, the only U.S. skier in his-

tory able to beat the top European champions and the natural leader of the American squad, would not be able to ski again for months. The considerable chance that had existed of an American men's skiing victory in the Olympics was eased gently down Aspen Mountain along with Bud.

## Golf Preview for 1960

**N**OWHERE are this year's reveries cheerier than among snowed-in golfers. An optimistic lot by nature—did you ever know a golfer who thought his slice was going to be worse next year?—golfers have something special going for them at this season's close. The United States Golf Association has reduced the penalties on three kinds of wandering shots starting January 1, 1960, a move hailed with cheer by duffers everywhere.

A friend of ours, and it's hard to say whether he is a hooker who sometimes slices or a slicer who sometimes hooks, shared this general optimism until a few days ago. That's when circumstances found him in Florida, and over eagerness led him to preview the 1960 rules.

It seems that his partner in this venture was a purist, a man who joins with the British in thinking the USGA is making the game too easy. That got things off on the wrong spiked foot before a club was swung.

On the first tee, our friend reports, he hit a long drive—over the fairway, over the rough, over a hedge and over a paralleling road. It was out of bounds, to say the least. "Smiling sweetly, I reminded my purist companion that I was now hitting two, under the new rules, instead of three under the old ones, and I teed off again. The purist looked unhappy." The penalty stroke he saved eventually won our man a bogey, and bogeys are the backbone of his game.

Six holes later the second rule

## They Said It

**GEORGE WEISS**, New York Yankee general manager, explaining his club's frequent trades with Kansas City: "We have faith in each other."

**DUFFY DAUGHERTY**, Michigan State football coach: "Our grants-in-aid are awarded for academic achievement and need. By academic achievement—if he can read and write. By need—we'll, we don't take a boy unless we need him."

**AMOS ALONZO STAGG**, 97, football immortal, on learning that he is Yale's oldest living graduate: "I shall try to behave myself for the rest of my days so that dear old Yale will not suffer."



change came up. A sweeping slice found a dense grove of trees. No sign of the ball:

"I told the purist I'd drop another ball and take a two-stroke penalty. This is the way (admittedly illegal) that it's done in friendly golf games. But purists aren't friendly. 'Any rules, old or new,' I was tartly reminded, 'you walk back and shoot from where you were.' Under the old rules I'd be hitting three, under the new ones hitting two. It was a long way back, and uphill. A foursome was waiting on the tee, so I started to run, trying not to think of the fellow I knew who dropped dead of a heart attack at 33 rounding third base in a picnic softball game. I finally got there, and the foursome looked tough. 'Get him!' said one. 'Thinks he's in the National Open.' 'Hit it, Hogan,' advised another. I hit it. All of 15 yards. Hit it twice more with my driver before getting to my bag. Ended up with a quintuple bogey. The purist smiled."

The final rule change, and the day's most bitter blow, came up on the 17th. Our friend, less optimistic about 1960 by the minute, mashed a mashie into a vine-covered fence. Declaring the ball out of bounds, he hit another, tight to the pin for an apparent par 3. But:

"Not so fast," I heard the purist call. He had muddled around the fence and found my ball against a pole, but in bounds. I swung twice trying unsuccessfully to move the ball. Then I declared it unplayable. Under the new rules I could either return to the spot the ball was hit, hit another, and add a penalty stroke, or drop the ball behind me, out of the unplayable position, and add a penalty stroke. I looked back and saw the grim foursome, so ceremoniously dropped the ball over my shoulder. It fell in deep rough. I ended up with an 8. The purist laughed out loud."

Our friend has quit golf for this season. Says he's moving north to sit quietly before a fire while it snows outside.

But don't you be discouraged, golfers. The new rules will help your scores in 1960; they really will. In any case, Happy New Year.

## Canned Baseball

BASEBALL, like watermelon, traditionally belongs to the summer pleasures and pastimes of the American people. No one has successfully canned a watermelon yet, but a couple of rival television producers are now doing their best to accomplish this for baseball.

Producer No. 1 is Max Cooper of Chicago, a public relations man who views the world through sleepy eyes and a wide-awake mind. Cooper is filling baseball's winter void with a 26-game series lifted from the Cuban League, starring, among others, Chicago's Minnie Minoso. The motion to

tape Cuba's winter games and replay them in the U.S. at a later date, Cooper claims, came to him in a dream one March night in 1958, and he bolted out of bed forthwith. He has been moving at a pretty fair clip ever since, and when the Cuban League's season opened this fall, he had 11 TV stations around this country signed up and waiting. The games are taped in Havana, edited, and air-expressed to such day-in and day-out baseball strongholds as Chicago, Milwaukee and Los Angeles, where they are broadcast at the rate of one a week. Cooper admits he does not know what to expect from any one game (he

continues)



"At least those chaps haven't taken up cricket yet."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

describes his first attempt as "the dullest sport show ever made"), but he says he does know how to improve upon the raw material in the cutting room. A typical 2½-hour game is reduced, with some 200 splices, to 78 minutes, and a lissome Latin lady is slipped on camera between innings to post the scores. And, because Cooper's shooting schedule is shorter than



the league's schedule, Cooper has devised a synthetic, midseason "play-off," for which all participants will be handsomely rewarded.

Producer No. 2 is Peter De Met of Chicago and Coral Gables, Fla. De Met shows no Cuban games but rather tapes of U.S. major league games warmed over from last summer. Game dates and scores remain unannounced until the end, and the whole thing is through and done with in a fleeting 53 minutes, for the duller passages, says De Met, translate better in synopsis form. De Met has sold his 26-game series to some 90 TV stations, which seems to prove that more people will watch a major league ball game twice than will watch a Cuban League ball game once. And though his series will contain no play-off, contrived or otherwise, De Met has his own surprise. Just as soon as the canned baseball series has run its course and fresh baseball is getting started again, De Met hopes to grasp his audience anew with 1959 professional football games—concentrated, warmed up and, for the absent-minded, exciting through the final second.

### Everybody in the Pool

WINTER'S TRACES may be here, but the days were never sunnier for the swimming-pool crowd. We're referring, of course, to the contractors, distributors and dealers who sell the pools. Business was the best ever during 1959, the National Swimming Pool Institute declared, and the fig-

ures proved the point. Some 70,000 pools were installed, boosting the total number now in use to 250,000, and almost two-thirds were sold to private home owners.

It seemed a good time to find out how a home owner goes about buying one, and what sort he usually selects. So we directed our questions to a trio of NSPI men who were in New York for the opening of the National Swimming Pool Exposition.

"Buying a pool today," enthused Robert Greene, the NSPI's executive secretary, "is like buying an auto used to be. The average person finds people who have pools and he gets their opinions. Then he visits a dealer's showroom. He sees full-scale models on exhibit, full to the brim and completely landscaped. The customer usually feels the urge then and there to jump in for a swim."

"The pool can be just about any size or shape," said Bob Hoffman, the Exposition's co-chairman. "But our statistics show that a home-owner's average dive-and-swim pool is rectangular, about 16 by 36. Its depth at the deep end is 8 to 8½ feet. Another interesting statistic is that the cost of the average pool was slightly under \$4,100 in 1959. That's down from \$4,250 last year, and it's one of the few costs in the economy that has gone down."

"Yes, sir," beamed NSPI President Jere Gottschalk, "swimming is as bas-

ic a skill as driving a car, and a good deal more healthy—very healthy indeed. We're growing with the demand. Sales in 1959 totaled \$890 million, and we're not counting the factor of obsolescence. Diving boards do wear out. That's why, what with replacement sales, we consider ourselves a billion-dollar business."

"You also have to remember," Poolman Greene added, "that our figures don't even attempt to estimate the things families buy to add to their enjoyment of the pools. Products like outdoor furniture and portable TV sets, poolside dressing rooms and rubber life rafts."

We were very impressed, but we could have told the NSPI executives there was still another statistic they had forgotten. A South Orange, N.J. home owner who had just bought a pool summed the situation up for a friend last summer. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Gene," he apologized. "I know you drink Scotch. But with all the people who've been dropping in for a swim all I can offer is beer. Otherwise I'd be drunk out of house and pool."

### Hunters Beware

HUNTERS and campers in northern states faced an unexpected hazard this winter, the risk of asphyxiation in closed, heated trailers.

Discovery of the danger was announced by the Public Health Service, which alerted authorities to be on the lookout for small trailers (up to 18 feet) carrying a type of heater which might have been a factor in as many as 16 deaths this fall.

In the fatal trailers, the Public Health Service said, were 22-by-14-inch panel-model 8 M Thurm Heaters, some 2,000 of which had been installed in the past 18 months.

A representative of the heater manufacturer, Thurm Engineering Company of Elkhart, Ind., said the firm has notified trailer dealers that the 8 M heater needs modification and has attempted to trace all of the heaters which have been installed.

The search will continue through the holiday season in an earnest turnabout that finds the hunters becoming the hunted.

END



### Winter Wisdom

He's wise to fishing through the ice  
But learned it to his cost!  
His only bite from frost till night  
Was diagnosed as frost.

—ARTHUR WILCO



A CALIFORNIA DUCK HUNTER CONTEMPLATES THE LOWERED WATERS OF LAKE WHERE 10 MILLION BIRDS FIND YEARLY REFUGE

## IS TULE TOO GOOD FOR DUCKS?

WANDERERS in the American wilderness once stood astonished at the sight of plains black with buffalo and gazed in wonder at skies made dark by the passage of a flight of pigeons. But today the wonder lies only in the swiftness with which the great buffalo herds were extinguished and the passenger pigeons banished from the earth.

On a mid-October day of almost any year when the southern migration along the Pacific flyway is in mid-flight, a visitor to northern California's Tule Lake may still see a sight as full of wonder as that of the buffalo and the pigeons: the sight of some 6 million ducks and geese gathered in a single rendezvous. Yet there was awesome evidence in the news that this sight too could be flicked off by man's carelessness and cupidity as readily as the picture in a magic lantern. The news was that Tule Lake was being deliberately dried up.

Located in what geographers call the Klamath basin, just south of the Oregon-California border, Tule (rhymes with duly) and its dependent Lower Klamath Lake form what is quite possibly the largest refuge for migratory waterfowl in the entire world. Without Tule's protective

hospitality, which in normal years accommodates the passage of 10 million birds and the hatching of 40,000, traffic along North America's busiest flyway might well dwindle to nothing and duck hunting on the U.S. West Coast become solely a memory.

The trouble is that the land on the bottom of Tule Lake, like that around its edges, is rich and black and arable, and there are those who would rather see it put to more mercenary purpose than the harboring of vagrants.

Such a conflict of interest is not a new thing in the long struggle between civilization and the wilderness, and at Tule a half century ago the U.S. Government took steps toward enlightened reconciliation in a Bureau of Reclamation project designed to shrink Tule's two lakes to manageable size, reclaim some of its marshy shore line for farming and divert some of the water for irrigation. In the course of this long-term project, the Department of the Interior, of which Reclamation is a part, turned over a considerable section of the area to the Fish and Wildlife Service as a federal refuge. Then 31½ years ago, in accordance with Interior Department practice when a

reclamation project is completed, the U.S. Government turned the rest of the reclaimed area over to a local organization of 600 private landholders for maintenance. The first and foremost charge put upon this organization—the Tulelake Irrigation District—under regulations imposed by a contract that ran to 40 typewritten pages was that it keep the water level of Tule Lake at a point specified by the Government to be between 4,034 and 4,035 feet above sea level between the most of February and December.

Why this precise figure? Because that is the minimum depth required to keep the lake clear of marshy stagnation and the consequent deadly botulism that can kill feeding ducks by the thousands.

It is entirely in order to raise an eyebrow here and note that the Bureau of Reclamation employee most responsible for drawing up the terms of this complex contract was one Maurice Strantz, who is the same man who signed it as boss of the Tulelake Irrigation District, a job which paid him some \$3,000 more a year than the Government had been paying him to save the lake. It is also

*continued*



## Challenge of the Deep

**I**N 1898, as the records go, a plucky California fisherman proved that a man can land a fish heavier than himself with a rod and reel. And that was the beginning of a sport seldom matched for excitement and challenge—salt water game fishing.

At the time of this historic catch, six-year-old A&F was already a pioneer with new sports equipment. So, just as we are leading in the development of ultralight tackle today, we set out to find tackle for this new brand of fishing.

One of the major considerations was the incredible strength of game fish. A 50-pound tuna, for example, was clocked at 44 miles per hour while pulling against the water friction of the line which was 78 lbs. It was natural for tackle makers to assume that heavy rods were essential to catching these savage fighters. And hickory, which had proved its strength in golf club shafts, was used for rods which weighed as much as two and three pounds.

Salt water game fishing enthusiasts soon discovered, however, that rods must be flexible—to save fishermen from the jolts of pulling fish and to facilitate the smooth handling that keeps a hook from tearing out of a fish's mouth.

Eventually, unwieldy hickory rods, which often acquired a permanent set with the first fish caught, were replaced with laminated bam-

boo that would bend to a 90-degree arc from butt to tip. Most salt water rods today are made of glass fibers or bamboo thoroughly impregnated and bound together with resin. Both types are light, flexible, strong and easy to maintain.

Other tackle has undergone similar refinements through the years. A revolutionary advance in reels was the incorporation of internal drag to save wear and tear on the knuckles. In lines, anglers now have a choice between traditional linen, newer nylon and still newer Dacron—each with its own unique advantages for certain types of fishing.

The new trend is fishing in salt waters with fresh water tackle. Twenty years ago, even the most enterprising fishermen would probably have laughed at the idea of using such lightweight gear. But, with minor adaptations, fly fishing, spinning and bait-casting tackle are providing great sport wherever men fish the ocean.

We at A&F hold that each item of tackle must complement the entire outfit, which should suit first the fisherman and then the fish. To this end, our selection of salt water game fishing tackle is one of the world's most extensive. Whether you want to cast for stripers on the Jersey shore, spin for bonefish in the Keys or troll for bullfish at La Paz, we'll see that you're outfitted completely and correctly.

worthy of note that the contract clause specifying maintenance of water level was promptly disregarded on the basis of a technicality.

Strantz and his TID had scarcely taken over when Tule's water level fell significantly. Death rates from botulism shot upward. Local hunters complained they couldn't get their boats across the mud flats. Both the Bureau of Reclamation and the Wildlife Service urged the TID to raise the water level, but the TID paid no attention until one April, when nests on the lowered lake shore were quick with eggs ready for hatching. Then, suddenly, the water level on Tule was raised, and an estimated 25,000 potential fledglings were flooded out.

"They're out to run us clean out of here," said one outraged wildlife man, and to many another West Coast citizen like the *San Francisco Chronicle's* outdoor editor, Bud Boyd, the situation stank of more than botulism. Boyd broke the story in his column; the *Chronicle* front-paged it; and by this month a swarm of indignant Californians led by Governor Brown was demanding explanations and investigations, both of which Interior Secretary Fred Seaton promised to provide.

The first thing Interior did was to call a meeting on the spot to discuss the whole affair; the second was to return management of the pumping stations at Tule to the Reclamation Bureau, thus insuring a disease-free water level at Tule by next February. This is an important decision and we hail the Secretary for taking it, but we hope the rectification of this one detail will not so mollify interested parties that they forget the narrowness by which tragedy to an important percentage of the nation's wildlife was averted.

The preservation and permanence of such refuges as Tule Lake seem to us at least as important as uncovering payola among dice jockeys, and we would welcome a congressional investigation into Government policies concerning these things. We would particularly like to know how it was that the fate of some 10 million birds a year was casually tossed into the hands of a man like Maurice Strantz, whose stated opinion on such matters is summed up in his protest to our reporter: "Land worth \$500 an acre is too valuable to be dedicated to ducks."

END

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## JIM SHOULDERS TELLS HOW TO WATCH

with JOAN DICKINSON  
and Illustrated by Sam Savitt

**R**ODEO," says Jim Shoulders, holder of 14 world championship titles and the biggest money-winning cowboy of all time, "is a unique contest. First a man must compete against an animal that outweighs him, is faster and stronger than he is. He must best this animal according to rules that are all in the animal's favor. And in order to win he must do this better or faster than all the other cowboys who are contesting on different animals."

This year 3,000 professional cowboys competed for \$3 million in prize money at 482 rodeos held in 38 states and Canada before a record 15 million spectators. And this week in Dallas, the first National Finals Rodeo (Dec. 26-30) gets under way, drawing 71,000 fans. A cowboys' world series to determine the 1959 championships, the

NFR pits the top 15 money-winners in each event against each other on the nation's toughest stock. In 10 Go-Rounds—each contestant competes once in a Go-Round—they will be fighting to make the top money which will determine the champions. Contestants earn no salaries; prize money is made up of their entry fees plus the rodeo purse. Currently defending his triple title of All Around Cowboy, Barback and Bull Riding Champion for the third year in a row, Jim Shoulders, who has won \$357,000 in the arena, joins here with Joan Dickinson, writer, flyer and, with her husband, operator of Deep Hollow Ranch in Montauk, N.Y., and Artist Sam Savitt ("How To Ride A Horse," SI, May 18, 25), to explain rules and fine points of America's roughest sport.

### Saddle bronc riding

In the old days, at places like Deer Trail, Colo. and Pecos, Texas, where rodeo was born in the mid-1800s, a man just climbed aboard a bucking horse and tried his luck until, as they said, "the horse was rode or the cowboy thrown." Today saddle bronc riding is a highly regulated and exciting contest requiring expert preci-

sion, split-second timing, and coordination. The contestant must ride for 10 seconds, using a plain halter and a single braided rope rein. He cannot wrap the rein around his hand, will be disqualified if he changes hands on the rein, touches any part of the horse or equipment with his free hand, or loses a stirrup. All riding events

are scored half on the horse—how hard it bucks—and half on the way the rider spurs. Spurring weights the contest in favor of the horse—it aggravates the animal but does not wound it, and it forces the rider to keep his legs moving so he cannot weather the jumps by clumping onto the horse. If the bronc rider is "in time with the

*Critical moment for the rider is first jump into the arena. He must have both his spurs over the break of horse's shoulders (red line). If he does not, he "goose eggs"—receives no score at all.*

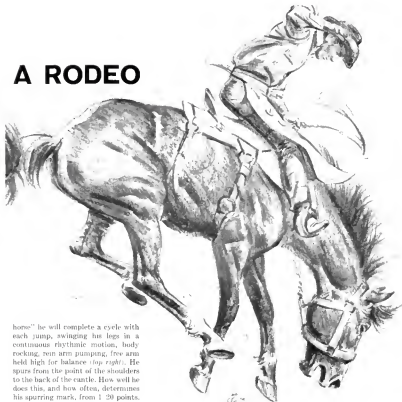


*Shows in slow motion, the second jump begins as the rider pulls his spurs back to the cantle of the saddle. The farther the sweep of his spurs back and forth during ride, the higher his score.*



*Now the horse is rising on its second jump and the rider starts to sweep forward with spurs, leaning back more in the saddle to get maximum pull from the rein to help hold himself on.*

# A RODEO



horse" he will complete a cycle with each jump, swinging his legs in a continuous rhythmic motion, body rocking, rein arm pumping, free arm held high for balance (top right). He spurs from the point of the shoulders to the back of the cante. How well he does this, and how often, determines his spurring mark, from 1-20 points.



Straightening in the saddle as the horse nears the peak of its jump, the rider reaches for shoulders with his spurs. Throughout he tries to keep up rhythmic, rocking motion of spurs and body.



At the top of the jump spurs are well forward. The horse has dropped its head so the rider gives it extra reins to keep from being pulled off over head while holding free arm high for balance.



Set for impact, the rider pushes spurs far forward, leaning well back into the saddle, taking up slack reins with arms and shoulder movement. If he maintains this form he marks high (18 to 20).

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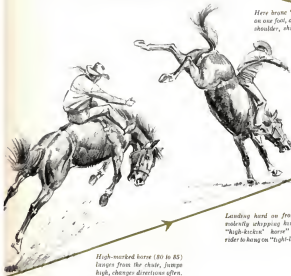
## Bareback riding

The bareback event is scored from one to 20 for spurring and up to 20 points for bucking. This bucking mark is listed on the judges' books as from 65 to 85, so that it is easily told apart from the spurring mark. Two judges mark each ride, totaling their spurring and bucking markings for a possible 210 perfect score. The bareback horse is always ridden with a flank strap, which annoys but does not hurt it, cinched around its belly at the hind quarters. The ride lasts eight seconds, spurs must be over the break of the shoulders the first jump out to qualify. The bareback "rigging"—no reins are used—is a single wide leather strap cinched to the horse much like a saddle, with a leather handhold attached to the top. The contestant grips this handle with one hand, is disqualified if he changes hands or touches anything with his free hand. As in all riding events, he is disqualified if his spurs are too sharp or the rowels are locked or if he mistreats the horse in any way.



*In single jump horse spurs around in tight circle. Spurring on outside, rider hangs on with his inside leg.*

*Here horse "dunks," landing on one foot, dropping opposite shoulder, shifting its weight.*



*High-marked horse (80 to 85) lunges from the chair, jumps high, changes directions often. Watch its action on this ride.*

*Landing hard on front feet, violently whipping hind feet, "high-kicker" horse" forces rider to hang on "right-legged."*



**SPURRING ACTION** of the bareback rider is done high in the shoulder and neck area of horse, in a circular kicking motion (right). Rider pulls his feet up toward rigging, with toes turned out so spurs are in contact with brone, then kicks them out and away from the horse, throwing his feet ahead and into the horse's neck. The wilder the spurring, the higher the score.





*Coming out of the spin, the horse again changes its action and rider starts sparring action to keep his own mark high.*



*A horse that can kick this high is a real "good draw." Rider, too, is sparring well, bringing his legs far up above shoulder.*



*This is wild sparring at its best, peak of contest between man and beast. A good horse likes to buck and never quits.*



*It's top bucking mark if horse keeps this up, winning ride if cowboy does not "go to the belly" to hang on with spurs.*

## How horses are assigned

Drawing stock is the most important element of rodeo for the contestant. All animals in each event are numbered, and before the start of a Go-Round the judges draw the stock and determine which animal each contestant will compete on by placing the stock numbers in one hat, the contestants' names in another and blindly matching them up. Since no two horses buck alike and half the contestant's score is determined by how well the animal bucks, the cowboy's chances of winning go up considerably if he draws a hard-bucking animal. A "real fine bucking animal" is the rodeo competitor's delight. He can never win a cent on what he calls a "sorry horse"—one that "just goes along down the arena without really blowing up." If the horse does not buck at all or deliberately throws itself on the ground or stalls in the chute, the rider is entitled to a ride. Prize money is paid for each Go-Round, from first to sixth place, depending on size of rodeo purse; "average money" for best totals in all Go-Rounds of rodeo.

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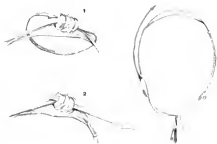
## Bull riding

Riding the wild hump-backed Brahma bulls, which frequently weigh a ton or more, is rodeo's most difficult and dangerous event. For its size, the Brahma is the most active animal alive. It has the strength to toss a horse in the air. Here the luck of the draw is not as decisive as it is in the horse riding events. Most Brahmas buck, fight, kick, hook, spin, do anything and everything to "put the rider in the dirt." Some do it better than others—many do it all too well, with a flank strap to urge them on. It is not uncommon for a bull to be bucked out for an entire rodeo season, maybe 50 times or more, and never have a qualified ride made on it.

**THE BULL MUST BE RIDDEN** for eight seconds (below) with one hand and only a loose, braided rope, weighted at the heavy bell, not tied around the bull's head around it solely by the bull rider's grip. Because the rider is forced to use his spurs to hold on much of the time, there is less spurring than in other events (10 points or high), but total score as the same since the judges' higher bucking mark (also in the 80s) makes up for the lower spurring mark.



**GRIP ON BULL ROPE**, which may or may not have a headhold, is vital to control and varies with individual riders. Here as how Jim Shoulders holds his rope. He places head through headhold (1), which is braided into the top of the rope, taking a wrap around his hand and pulling the loose end through the fist (2) to hold the loop tight around the bull. In the chute room is rubbed on both the riding glove and the rope. If the rider loses his grip the weight of the bell pulls the rope off the bull.



CONTINUED



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**THE "HEAD-FIGHTING BULL"** (above) tries to knock the contestant off by knocking him with its horns. If it is too dangerous, *Rodeo Cowboys' Association* rules require it to be desisted. A "spinning bull" (right) is, in cowboy terms, "rank"—really hard to ride. It bucks in a fast tight circle, kicks high, violently whipping its feet behind it, often suddenly reversing its

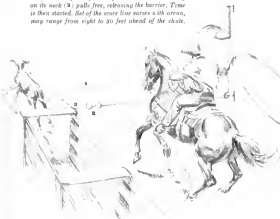
spin. The rider watches the bull's head to anticipate its moves. If his feet get up behind him he is bound to be thrown, and he's in trouble if he starts to slip sideways in a spin, though top bull riders have completed many a ride actually hanging on upside down. A rider is gawled if rider is knocked off in the chute, the bull falls, the flank strap comes off or the bull-rope breaks.



**VITAL ROLE** of the rodeo clown is to be the guardian angel of the bull rider. Amusing as he seems to be, he is there for one reason only—to distract the bull from the contestant. There is no such thing as a graceful exit from the back of a Bronco, even after a successful ride. It will attack the nearest object, and the clown makes it his business to be just that, often to the very point of stopping the bull.

**CONTINUED**

**AT THE BARRIER.** If horse starts before calf crosses score line (1), a rope across the chute (2) in front of the horse will break loose, sending up a red flag to signal 10-second penalty. As calf crosses line, small string on its neck (3) pulls free, rebreasting the barrier. Time is then started. Set of the score line varies with arena, may range from eight to 30 feet ahead of the chute.



## Calf roping

Calf roping is a race against time so fantastically competitive that contestants speak in terms of a 10th of a second. The calf may outweigh them by 100 pounds, but top ropers, giving the calf a good head start, can complete the entire operation—catching the calf, roping it, dismounting, running to it, throwing it, stepping over it, catching and holding its legs and making the tie—in 9.5 seconds. They practice every phase of the operation endlessly, and the coordinated effort of man and horse is timed to perfection. A quick start, for which the quarter horses used are famous, is essential, but if the horse leaves the chute before the calf crosses the score line (left) a 10-second penalty results for "breaking the barrier." A good roping horse will "rate" the calf, maintaining an even distance behind it until the loop is thrown and then sliding to a stop instantly. As the roper dismounts, the horse must keep just the right tension on the rope, without dragging or choking the calf. If calf is jerked off its feet the roper must let it up and throw it by hand. Time is taken when tie is completed. The judge passes on the tie, but it must hold for five seconds after the roper remounts his horse and steps forward, loosening the neck rope. Average winning times: 12 to 14 seconds.

**THROWING LOOP,** rider races after calf. "Pigpen" string to be kept in hand. If he misses he can try over move. Rope is tied to saddle horn, run through neck rope on horse.



**SETTING THE LOOP,** rider tightens his rope as the horse breaks to a sudden stop, then in one smooth, swift motion throws slack out of the way and dismounts. The next crucial moments belong to the horse, which must constantly watch calf as rider runs to it, working to hold rope taut, taking care not to choke or drag it.



**THROWING THE CALF,** rodeoist has his choice of two methods. Legging (above) is most common. Roper lifts calf's right front leg, pushes and tips it over. A good horse takes one step back just as cowboy picks up leg, helping to throw calf off balance. Roper then steps over calf to tie it. Flanking (right) is quicker but risky. Roper goes to the left side of calf, reaches over calf's back, grabbing hold in the flank area and over the neck with left hand, then lifts and pulls calf toward him over on its side. Without further motion he is then in position to tie.

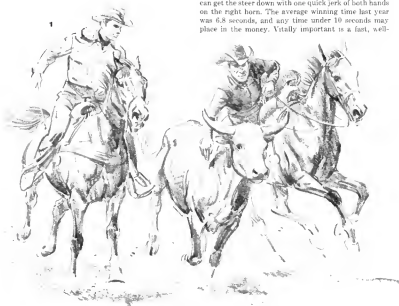


**MAKING THE TIE,** roper holds the calf's right front leg with left hand (1), "straps calf" by slipping loop over foot. He then pulls it tight (2). Then, in one motion, he scoops calf's hind legs up with his right arm and right leg, crosses calf's two hind feet over one front foot, takes in a wrang around all three legs (3). On third wrap, he crosses string over his left hand (4), pulls string tight with left hand, making a half-hitch (5). Time: two seconds.

CONTINUED

## Steer wrestling, or bulldogging

Steer wrestling, also called bulldogging, is a timed event and under ideal conditions can be the fastest and most incredible of all the exploits in the rodeo area. Top riders can do it in less than three seconds if they are lucky and can get the steer down with one quick jerk of both hands on the right horn. The average winning time last year was 6.8 seconds, and any time under 10 seconds may place in the money. Vitally important is a fast, well-



**FRONT  
HOLD**



**NELSON  
HOLD**

**RIDING AT FULL SPEED,** the dogger's timing and coordination must be perfect as he comes in contact with the steer. He will start out of the saddle as horse is even with steer's hips. He leans over, sliding out of the saddle, raising himself onto the steer. Still on the horse (2) he puts some weight on the steer's shoulders as he slides his right arm behind the horns. At this crucial instant he starts to transfer most of his weight to the





trained and mature horse. When the chute opens, the contestant, or "dogger," riding on the left, and the hazer, who rides on the right side of the steer to keep it running straight, burst into the arena seconds after the steer; there is a 10-second penalty if the dogger starts too soon. If the steer gets away from the dogger on the ground after he has made his jump, he is allowed to take only one step to catch it. If he is hopelessly outdis-

tanced, the cowboy may remount, with the clock running, for a second jump. If the steer is knocked down during the jump, or is thrown by the contestant putting its horns into the ground, it must be let up on all four feet and rethrown. Rules require the contestant to bring the steer to a full stop before throwing it. For a legal fall, the steer must be twisted down until it is lying flat on its side, with all four feet pointed out straight.



steer's shoulders, grasping the steer's left horn with his left hand (2). He keeps one foot in the stirrup, allowing the horse to carry his legs ahead of the steer, sliding his body along steer's neck to its horns. Saving his feet to the ground he now puts all his weight to bear against the steer, digging his boot heels into the dirt, pulling the steer around to a full stop (3). To wrattle the animal down he may use a frust hold (most doggers try

this first), stepping in front of the steer, jerking down and back with right hand on horn, pulling up and back with left hand on nose and falling back until steer is down. If this fails, he may try the scissor hold, getting more leverage by running his right arm over the horn and down behind the steer's neck. For still more leverage he may try the leg hold (4), throwing his left leg over the left horn to down the steer in a legal fall (5).





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# THE NOCTURNAL CITY

The setting sun is a golden ball  
behind the dome of St. Peter's;  
beyond, the antennas of the modern Radio Vatican  
form delicate tracteries against the sky.  
In the shadowy streets the first lights flick on...  
the night has begun





# CASTEL SANT'ANGELO

Built by the Emperor Hadrian to be his tomb, later a fortress, prison, refuge for beleaguered Popes, and now a museum, it got its name from the Archangel Michael—who—it is said—appeared on the pinnacle in the 6th century as a heavenly sign that the plague then ravaging Rome would end.





# CAMPIDOGLIO

On the Capitoline Hill, most famous of the seven,  
site of the ancient citadel and of temples to Juno and Jupiter,  
Michelangelo created the glowing ensemble of graceful  
stairway, palaces and piazza leading to the towered Senator's Palace—  
the city hall of modern Rome







# PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDOGLIO

Marcus Aurelius, Emperor and philosopher, reaches out

in thoughtful benediction toward visitors emerging from the broad stairs  
past the guardian figures of Castor and Pollux



A nighttime photograph of the Trevi Fountain in Rome. The fountain's water is illuminated with a blue light, and several ornate stone lamps are visible in the foreground. In the background, the 'RISTORANTE TREVI' sign is lit up in red, and the entrance to the restaurant is visible with people gathered outside. The surrounding buildings are dark, with some streetlights visible.

RISTORANTE TREVI

# FONTANA DI TREVI

The Trevi Fountain, fantastic and opulent,  
a romantic dream of living stone and wild water,  
has a legend: throw a coin in and you will be sure  
to return someday to Rome





# BASILICA DI MASSENZIO

Pagan and Christian pasts intermingle: the great basilica (left) was begun by Maxentius and completed by Constantine, first Christian Emperor; the church at right was built on the remains of a Roman temple





# COLOSSEO

Forerunner of the stadiums where the Olympics will be held, the Colosseum—dedicated 19 centuries ago—seated 50,000.

Broken by earthquakes and the passing years, it remains fabulously huge still, and commands awe for the boldness of the men who built it







# TIVOLI

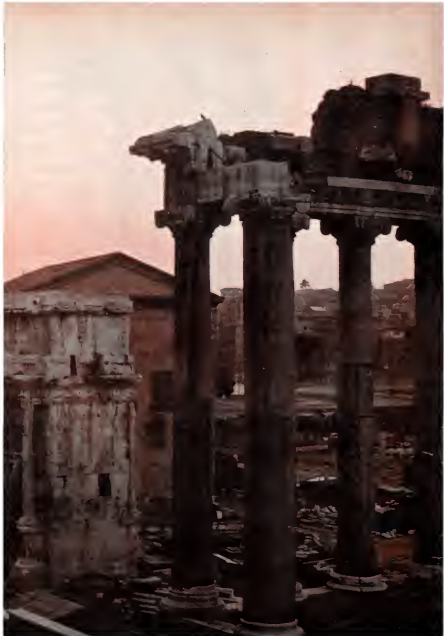
Here in the 16th century Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, son of Lucrezia Borgia, built a beautiful home, the Villa d'Este, and filled its gardens with intricate, lovely fountains. They are still there; and the cypress trees have become dark giants





# FORO ROMANO

At the edge of the Forum, the very heart of ancient Rome,  
a proud fragment of the Temple of Vespasian,  
the triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus and a colonnade of the temple of Saturn  
emerge from the night to still appear of their thousand of days



# A FEAST IN ROME



*A noted food authority invites you to a gastronomic tour of the Olympic City to prepare you for the many delights and varied surprises of the Italian cucina*

AN exciting adventure in winning and dining awaits the hungry Olympic visitor and his wife if they dine as the Romans do, and seek out the aristocracy of Italian dishes in one of Rome's many good restaurants. Italian gastronomy is an awe-inspiring subject, often misunderstood in the U.S., where the patrons of Luigi's Pizzeria on North Main Street assume it to be a sequence of pizza, spaghetti and meat balls, veal scaloppine and slices of pink and green ice cream. Food-conscious visitors to Rome will discover, to their pleasure, just how mistaken and threadbare this conception is. They will encounter fine, savory cooking in unpretentious *trattorie* and in smart casinos in the park, on cool hotel roof terraces and sidewalk restaurants of the far bank of the Tiber, in nightclubs ringing with song and picturesque country inns along the Appian Way.

On the menu, or *liste del giorno*, will be fish from the Adriatic, beef from Tuscany, pasta dishes from Bologna and Neapolitan sweets. But there will also be Roman specialties—famous ways of serving egg noodles, baby lamb, veal cutlets, turkey breasts and artichoke hearts. In Au-

gust, these last will be substituting for the delicious miniature artichokes which, alas, will be out of season. The most theatrical of Roman dishes, *fettuccine alla romana*, will be in full flower. *Fettuccine* is the Roman name for the wide, thin, fresh egg noodles, elsewhere called *laspiatelle*, and they are served piping hot with butter and powdered Parmesan or Romano cheese. Mixing them is a ceremony which produces many fine flourishes on the part of the headwaiter. This is the dish made famous by the late Alfredo, whose calisthenics with a gold fork and spoon, presented to him by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr., will go down in the annals of acrobatic cookery. Every new arrival in Rome should try *fettuccine*. They are absolutely delicious and surprisingly inexpensive.

*Abbacchio* is young, milk-fed lamb, another fast Roman favorite. Roasted on a spit or in the oven with a few herbs, it is full of delicacy and flavor. Cooked with garlic, rosemary, sage, vinegar and a trace of anchovy, it becomes *abbacchio alla cacciatora*, an aromatic delight. Tenderhearted diners who conjure up a vision of baby lambs gamboling among the daisies may have trouble with *abbac-*

*chio*, but realistic gourmets cherish it.

The refinement of Roman cooking is evident in *filetto di tacchino dorato*, a slice of raw turkey breast dipped in egg and fine bread crumbs and sautéed in butter. A good *consorno*, or accompanying vegetable dish, is called *piselli al prosciutto*, miniature peas cooked with slivers of raw ham. Romans have a favorite soup, *stracciatella*, a consommé strewn with egg and cheese, and their own chosen spaghetti sauce—*spaghetti alla amatriciana*, fragrant with garlic, onions, bacon, tomatoes, pepper and white wine. Look for any of these typical local dishes, and prepare to be pleasantly surprised.

Roman cheeses are few but essential. The best known is *Pecorino romano*, a hard, dry cheese which comes in large, corded cylinders. Made from ewe's milk, Romano, when grated, makes a fine topping for soups and pasta. *Ricotta romana* is a popular white cheese made from curds. It resembles cottage cheese and adapts itself well to desserts.

But it is time to abandon generalities and to get down to the fine fundamentals of Roman restaurants and their tempting *liste del giorno*. There are scores and hundreds of restaurants and *trattorie* (you will find that the difference between the two today is merely one of formality, the *trattoria* being perhaps somewhat simpler in style) eagerly waiting to prove to Olympic visitors that the Italian *cucina* is a thing of beauty and refinement. A few places will present multilingual menus, but in the majority these will be worded in Italian, a situation which calls for a certain briefing. Here, then, are some of the temptations on the menu as you sit down on a sheltered terrace, ravenous after an afternoon in the stadium and a prolonged *aperitivo* at a café table on the Via Vittorio Veneto. The Romans dine late, and the stranger within their walls may be at the point of starvation when he finally confronts the joys of a tardy Roman dinner.

#### ANTIPASTI Hors d'oeuvres

The Roman menu starts off with a flourish, for its selection of appetizers and hors d'oeuvres is brilliant, tempting and frequently international. *Caviare Malossol* (caviar), *foie gras di*

continued

## LISTA DEL GIORNO—MENU

#### ANTIPASTI Hors d'oeuvres

- 2 FRIEDTUTTO S. MELONE Ham with melon

#### ZUPPA E MINESTRE Soup

- 10 BRODO Beef

#### PASTA Pasta dishes

- 1 FETTUCCINE Egg noodles  
3 LASAGNE  
4 RIGATONI Thick wavy  
5 FARFALLE Butterfly-shaped pasta  
9 CONCHIGLIE Shell-shaped pasta  
17 SOVA Eggs

#### PESCE Fish

- 13 DOGUELA Sole  
15 PESCHIO Perch  
18 CALAMARETTI Baby octopus

#### ARROSTI E CARNE Roast and meat

- 6 COSTOLETTA DI VITELLO Veal cutlet  
7 BRACIOLA DI MANZO Pork chop  
12 COSTOLETTA DI AGNELLO Lamb chop  
14 RIBOTTEA Steak

#### POLLAIUE Poul

- 8 FOLLO ARROSTO Roast chicken

#### LEGUMI Vegetables

- 11 RISO Rice  
16 FAGIOLINI Green beans  
21 ZUCCHINI  
22 FUNGHI Mushrooms

#### FORMAGGI Cheese

- 24 PECORINO  
25 GORGONZOLA

#### FRUTTA Fruit

- 19 FICHI Figs  
20 PRUNE Plums  
22 UVA Grapes  
26 MELE Apples

#### DOLCI Desserts

- 22 ZABAIONE Meringue egg dip  
27 GELATO Ice cream  
29 CREMA CARMELLA Caramel custard

## A FEAST continued

Strasburgo (Alsatian goose liver) and *salsone affumicato* (smoked salmon) are classic foreign specialties that appear on the menus of the more expensive restaurants, usually followed by the cryptic letters, "S.Q.," which mean "according to quantity." It is a good idea to recognize and remember these two letters and also "S.G." ("according to size") at the outset, for they indicate a flexible price, based on the amount served to each guest. If requested, the headwaiter should be able to give you a more specific idea of the cost, thus avoiding surprises.

Other *antipasti* have a more Italian character. Many restaurants in Rome produce a rolling chariot laden with a choice of appetizers (*antipasti serviti*) in neat rectangular dishes, as tempting as any table of Scandinavian smorgasbord. Here you will find every conceivable sort of cold shrimp, fish, sausage, salad, egg and vegetable dish. In restaurants such as Passetto, Capriccio or Transatlantico, the display is so prodigious in its variety that the hungry guest finds it difficult to restrain himself. Smaller restaurants often serve a few simple *antipasti* on a plate, thus obviating the temptation to plunge too heavily.

If your taste runs toward that old favorite, the sea food cocktail, the Romans have a wonderful surprise for you—*seacapi*. These are the tender tails of a shellfish similar to the English prawn, a rare delicacy and a bit on the expensive side. Romans also serve lobster meat (*aragosta*) with a spiced cocktail sauce.

Probably the favorite summer antipasto in Rome is *prosciutto e melon o fichi*. Light, cool and appetizing, it consists of paper-thin slices of raw cured Italian ham, served with a cold golden melon or peeled iced figs. It is a delicious combination, leaving you refreshed and poised for the splendors to come.

There are many other choices—sliced *salsone*, chicken salad, pinkish shrimps called *gamberi*, mushrooms or artichokes in oil—enough to satisfy the most fastidious diner.

### ZUPPE E MINESTRE Soups

*Zuppa* always means soup, but the word *minestre* is often ambiguous, re-

fering both to soup and the pasta preparations on some restaurant menus. One of the best of the soups is *stracostella*, that savory consommé to which has been added egg and grated cheese. It is standard on most menus, and worth trying in your own American kitchen.

The classic Italian vegetable soup, *minestrone*, is known far beyond its own frontiers. It supposedly originated in Genoa, but the Romans have adopted it wholeheartedly and like it hot, cold or lukewarm.

Few words in Italy's gastronomic vocabulary cover a wider range of delights than *brodo*—broth. In Italy this simple fare is given individuality by the addition of rice, egg (*zuppa alla parese*), chicken livers (*brodo con fegatini di pollo*) or a variety of farinaceous delicacies, among them *capellini*, *torellini*, *farfalle* and *quadretti*. You will also find creamed chicken soup (*crema di pollo*) and the old tomato standby (*crema di pomodoro*) in Rome. One of the best solutions to your soup problem on a warm August night will certainly be cold consommé (*consommé freddo*).

### FARINACEI, PASTE ASCIUTTE Pasta and rice dishes

As you know, a cornerstone of Italian cookery is pasta, the broad term for a variety of hearty dishes. Derived from fundamentally the same flour (and occasionally egg) base, each of these pasta dishes takes on a different form and, strangely enough, achieves quite a different taste. In America we know many of them well—spaghetti, macaroni and ravioli are long-accepted words—but a few will come as a welcome novelty.

As we've pointed out, *farinacei al burro* is Rome's particular pride, a simple classic you'll always remember. Sometimes they are served with a Bolognese meat sauce.

A rich, fragrant and luxurious dish that immediately conquers foreign visitors is *conchiglie*. It consists of thin leaves of pasta about three inches square, boiled in water and wrapped into cylinders around a spiced meat or cheese stuffing. These are covered with a cream or tomato sauce, sprinkled with grated cheese, browned in the oven and served very hot from the baking dish—an epicurean delight when prepared by a good Roman chef.

Other pasta specialties are *ravioli* and *agnolotti*, those little pillows of pasta stuffed with ground meat or vegetables and served with an aromatic sauce. *Agnolotti* are generally the larger of the two, and often appear in half-moon shapes.

The Romans, of course, also eat spaghetti with a variety of sauces other than the familiar tomato kind. One that is uniquely Roman is the one for *spaghetti alla carbonara*, and it lends character to this well-known fare. Then there is *spaghetti alla carbonara*, in which the trimmings are bacon and eggs—but with a difference: beaten eggs are put on the cooked spaghetti, then crisp cubes of bacon together with hot olive oil are poured over the dish, cooking the eggs in long, delicate strands. *Spaghetti con aglio e olio* is for all those who love garlic—the sauce is simply garlic sautéed to a golden brown in olive oil.

If you prefer a rice dish to pasta (you will always find both offered) there is *risotto con funghi*. Served with plenty of butter and mushrooms, it is also sometimes studded with *frattini* more, a wealth of seafood including *gamberetti* (baby shrimps) and tiny whole octopuses called *calamaretti*, a thoroughly Italian delicacy which you should enjoy. *Risotto alla triestina*, an aristocratic presentation with *gamberi*, onion and cheese, appears in better restaurants.

### UOVA Eggs

Those who seek out lighter dishes will do well to remember that word *uova*. Under it will be found a number of omelets, which the Italians turn out quite as well as the French. (They prefer the French word to their own equivalent, *frittata*.) Thus you will find omelets with mushrooms (*funghi*), ham (*prosciutto*), chicken livers (*fegatini di pollo*), kidneys (*tronconi*) and cheese (*formaggio*). If you long for good old bacon and eggs, ask for *uova al bacon*. Scrambled eggs become *uova strapazzate*, a tongue-twister. And there are poached eggs with delectable sauces, *uova alla formosa* and *uova alla Nerway*, for example.

### PESCE Fish

The aristocrat of Roman fish is sole (*seppola*), and if it is not quite the





equal of Dover sole, it is a formidable rival. The most popular way of serving this fish is *sogliola alla marinara*, which simply means sauté à la marinère in plenty of fresh butter. It is also fried in the conventional manner. Better Roman restaurants list fillet of sole *bonne femme* or with Cardinal sauce.

A quartet of distinguished fish will be in evidence next summer and will prove very palatable in the company of a cool white wine such as a Verdicchio, Soave, or Orvieto. *Dentice*, a menacing, toothy fellow, as you may judge by his name, is best sliced and grilled. Grilling is also best for *ombria* and *spigola*, the latter being known as a *loup de mer* in France. *Trigle*, however, are small red mullet and are delightful when served at *cartoccio*—in a paper bag.

Do not shrink from *calamari*, *calamaretti* and *seppie*. These are members of the octopus family, and they may take a little longer to become your fast friends. We would suggest beginning with a deep fry of *calamaretti*, the baby octopuses, and working up from there. The *calamaretti* are smaller than our New England clams, and every bit as delicate.

#### CRUSTACEI Shellfish

Only the most distinguished Italian shellfish get to Rome. The cruder fellows, such as crabs, mussels and cockles, are consumed on the shore. *Scampi*, the exquisite tidbits from the antipasto tray, are also fried in deep oil or prepared with curry and a pilaf of rice. *Spiedino di scampi* is perhaps the most appealing of all—a skewer of closely packed scampi grilled over the fire. The giants of the shrimp family are *mazzancotte*, great rose-colored fellows most tempting when roasted on a skewer. *Gamberi* and their small cousins, *gamberetti*, are shrimps that appear in hors d'oeuvres trays, sauces and deep-sea fries.

Lobster (*aragosta*) is not exactly plentiful in Rome, but it is obtainable in the more important restaurants. If you crave lobster thermidor or Newburg, several fine chefs in Rome are ready to prepare it for you—"S.G."

#### ARROSTI E CARNE Roasts and meat dishes

Many American travelers in Italy complain that they find a superabundance of veal and chicken and not

enough of the good substantial beef to which they are accustomed. This is not the situation in Rome, where a grilled steak awaits them in practically every restaurant. Veal is more plentiful, however, and appears in many more guises, as does lamb, though it is somewhat less favored. Pork is in scarce supply compared to veal, but among them all the meat ladder is well filled.

*Manzo* is the basic word for beef, although it goes under a variety of names once it is grilled. *Bistecca di manzo ai ferri* is a simple beefsteak; *filetto di bue alla griglia* is a grilled fillet. Roman chefs borrow foreign names for their finest steaks—*entrecôte ai ferri* (thin minute steak) and *tournedos Rossini*, the legendary fillet of beef presented on toast fried in butter and topped with a layer of foie gras. Once in a while you will find hamburger grandiosely listed as *filetto haché all'Ambergo*. Beef also appears as *stufato di manzo*, a savory beef stew, or *bollito*, boiled, or simply as roast beef. But steak is the thing in Rome, and usually it is very good.

You will become well acquainted with *ritello*, fine, young, milk-fed veal. Light in color and delicate in texture, it is a Roman staple. The outstanding example is the famous *saltimbocca alla romana*, in which thin slices of veal are sautéed with prosciutto, a leaf of sage and often a sprinkling of Marsala. As the first word of its name says, it "jumps into the mouth." But there are other favorites, too:

Scaloppine are, of course, veal escalopes—thin slices of lean veal pounded even thinner and prepared rapidly to order. They are cooked in butter or olive oil and combined with Marsala or Madeira wine. *Scaloppine alla soldatona* have a topping of melted Fontina cheese. The Romans' own favorite seems to be *scaloppine alla pizzaiola*, that famous red sauce of tomatoes, garlic and herbs.

Veal cutlets are known as *costolette*, chops on the bone, also pounded thin. They are usually served *alla milanese*, dipped in beaten egg and bread crumbs and sautéed in butter, an Italian classic.

Not pounded thin but allowed to assert their own personality are veal loin chops (*lombate* or *lombazine*).

Sometimes they are cooked in white wine with mushrooms, but the time-honored procedure is to grill them. A majestic *lombata ai ferri* is a noble entrée.

You may have heard of *ossobuco*—veal marrowbone, surrounded by meat, sawed into slices about two inches thick and cooked slowly with herbs, spices and vegetables for many hours. This Milanese specialty is found on many Roman tables, and is universally esteemed.

The Roman chefs also prepare the spare parts of the calf in many delectable ways. These include *orecchiette* (sweetbreads), *cervello* (brains), *fegato* (liver) and *trippa* (tripe), often accompanied by mushrooms, onions, capers or peas.

Although Italy is plentifully populated by porkers, *maiale*, or pork, makes a very timid appearance at Roman restaurant tables. You will find the familiar *gamberone brasato di Madeira* (ham braised in Madeira wine) at the better restaurants, and if you crave a pork chop, it will be listed as *braciola di maiale alla griglia*. The famous raw cured ham, *prosciutto*, is by far the pig's finest contribution to Roman gastronomy.

Lamb is exceedingly popular in Rome when it is small enough to be called *agnello*. In its later years, when it is known as *agnello*, it seems to lose its acclaim, except in the form of lamb chops, *costolette di agnello alla griglia*, which are tender and savory.

#### POLLANE Poultry

The dependable *pollo*, or chicken, provides Roman chefs with some of their most successful dishes. *Pollo alla diavola* is simply a broiled chicken, brushed with olive oil and seasoned with dried red pepper flakes, then pointed up with chopped onion and parsley. Sometimes it is served with a piquant sauce. This dish is absolutely famous in Rome and obtains star billing in most restaurants. *Pollo alla romana con peperoni* is a delicious casserole dish. *Petti di pollo alla Cardinale* are tender chicken breasts sautéed with a rich Cardinal sauce—a favorite on many dining terraces.

Roman chefs roast chicken livers on skewers between slices of pro-

continued

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## A FEAST

scritto and leaves of sage, culling them *fegatini di pollo alla salvia*. They make a handsome *piatto di pollo al curry*, the classic curry of chicken with rice, and of course, the dish so well known in America, *pollo alla casareola*. They'll even make you chicken croquettes, *crocchette di pollo*, and, as a final gesture of Italo-American friendship, *insalata di pollo all'americana*, good old chicken salad.

Turkey is *turchino*, and, as noted, Roman cooks concoct one of their subtlest delicacies from the breasts of plump, tender birds. These *filetti di tacchino dorati* are a triple-starred feature in many a top Roman restaurant. They are frequently served with peas or mushrooms, or sprinkled with wafers of sliced Piedmontese truffles.

As for salads, in Rome you will find *insalata verde* in every restaurant and trattoria. A great favorite is *insalata capresina*, a mixed salad which, as its name implies, often depends upon the caprice of the mixer. Besides greens and tomatoes, it often contains black olives, strips of ham, fragments of tuna fish, much like our chef's salad or the French *salade niçoise*.

## FORMAGGIA

The tempting platter of assorted cheeses which the Roman waiter will place before you borrows heavily from neighboring regions, particularly Lombardy, which is famous for its Stracchino, Gorgonzola and Bel Paese. From the Alpine valley of Aosta comes Fontina cheese, soft and golden. The best mozzarella hails from Naples. Most Roman cheeses do not appear on the platter. *Pecorino romano*, the ewe's-milk cheese, is grated to make a flavorful topping for pasta and soups. *Ricotta romana* forms the base of a very palatable cheesecake. Other Roman cheeses are Provola and Caciotta. If you are planning to taste some of the finer wines of Italy, the cheese course is a good place for the ceremony.

## FRETTA

Fruit  
Fruit-lovers should be ecstatic in Rome next summer. Magnificent Italian *pere* (pears), *perche* (peaches), *albicocchi* (apricots) and *uva* (grapes)



## SOME ROMAN DISHES WHICH

**STRACCIATELLA**  
Chicken broth with egg  
(*littera six*)

A flavorful light stock made from chicken, or chicken and veal combined, is used for many Italian soups. Various forms of small pasta, greens, eggs and other things may be served in this broth.

A 4-pound fowl and a veal knuckle or bone with a little meat on it, are simmered slowly as possible in 2½ quarts of water for about 2½ hours, together with salt, pepper, a sprig each of celery and parsley, an onion, and a small carrot. When the stock is strained and all fat removed, the result is a delicious light broth.

For *straciatella*, a Roman favorite, bring 6 cups of broth to the boiling point and stir in 3 eggs which have been thoroughly beaten up with 2 tablespoons of grated Romano or Parmesan cheese and 2 tablespoons of finely minced parsley. Heat the soup, stirring, for a few seconds, or until the egg mixture hardens into strands. Serve immediately in hot soup plates.

**CARCIOFI ALLA PARMIGIANA**  
Artichokes Parmesan  
(*littera four*)

Separate one box of frozen artichoke hearts and cut them lengthwise into slices a quarter of an inch thick while still hard. Allow the slices to thaw, and dry them thoroughly. Dip the slices in seasoned flour and fry them in hot olive oil about ½ inch deep. When the slices are browned on both sides, drain them on absorbent paper. Place half the artichoke slices in a layer in a buttered baking dish, cover them with a good tomato sauce, spread the remaining slices on this, add more tomato sauce and sprinkle the surface generously with grated Parmesan cheese. Place in a 375° oven for 20 minutes.

These artichoke hearts are also delicious when dipped in flour as above, then in beaten egg to which a few drops of water have been added, fried in olive oil, drained and served hot.

reach their peak of perfection in August, as do many varieties of melon. You will see stands everywhere in Rome piled high with imposing fruit including *banane* (bananas), *febi* (fresh figs), *aranci* (oranges) and *cedrus* (pineapples).

Restaurants will offer you a superb single peach on a plate, if you choose, but the average Roman prefers his fruit cut up with a spot of maraschino. *Macedonia di frutta*, a sublimation of our fruit cup, is one of the most popular Roman desserts in summer. Practically every menu features it, sometimes with ice cream added. A final delicacy, found in the upper echelon of restaurants, is *fragole di bosco alla panna*, wild strawberries from the forest with rich cream. Accompanied by a nut-too-dry bottle of Asti Spumante, this makes a crowning dessert to any meal.

#### FOUR

##### Desserts

If spare still remains in the dinner guest after the foregoing rounds of plenitude, the Roman restaurants have a few luscious desserts to offer him before he sinks back to confront a *caffè espresso* and a discreet glass of liqueur. He will find various types of cake (*forzi*) and ice cream (*gelati*),

sometimes in the exotic form of a *rasaisu alla siciliano*. Combining cake and cream, an Italian pastry chef comes up with a gaudy mound of plenty called Saint-Honoré, and a rich concoction going under the preposterous name of *suppa inglese*, or English soup. Or would you have *omelette alla fiorentina*, an omelet flaming in liqueurs, or a *pecca Melba*, a peach you-know-how? Several restaurants offer them, together with *zabaglione*, the famous dessert made with egg yolks, sugar and Marsala, and served in a tall glass. Finally, there is *wente bianco*, an impressive mound of chestnut purée crowned with heavy creams, and, for less robust digestions, that international dessert with a familiar name—*crema caramello*, caramel custard.

The foregoing composite of restaurant delicacies, from the first glimpse of the *antipasti* to the last lingering morsel of *dolce*, is by no means complete. However, it does include the major Roman dishes, and it is sufficiently detailed, we hope, to permit you to scan a Roman menu with a knowing eye. As you take your place at a hospitable Roman table, we wish you happiness and *bene appetito*.

## YOU CAN PREPARE AT HOME

### FILETTI DI TACCHINO DORATI

Golden-brown turkey filets

(serves four to six)

Remove one side of a breast of uncooked turkey with a sharp boning knife. Take away skin and sinews, separate the small fillet from the rest with your fingers, slice it apart way through and open it to form one slice. Slice the rest into four or more thin filets about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick and flatten each one between sheets of wax paper by pounding slightly with the side of a cleaver. Dip each piece in seasoned flour, shaking off all excess, then in one egg beaten up with a few drops of water, then in fine bread crumbs. Melt 4 tablespoons of butter in a frying pan and when it is bubbling hot but not brown put in the turkey slices and cook them rather slowly on a moderately hot fire until they have turned golden on both sides. They should not be too dark nor dried out but just cooked through and a fine golden color.

### ABBACCHIO ALLA CACCIATORA

Lamb hunter style

(serves six)

Use 2 pounds of tender spring leg of lamb cut in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2-inch cubes. Heat a generous table-spoon of lard or butter in a saucepan, add the lamb and brown the pieces on all sides over moderate heat. Season with salt and generous amount of pepper, add one clove of garlic, chopped,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of rosemary leaves and a pinch of sage. Sprinkle on 2 teaspoons of flour, stir it in and gradually add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup red wine vinegar combined with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Stir to blend all thoroughly. Lower heat, cover saucepan and simmer the stew for about 30 minutes or until the lamb is tender, adding a little hot water if the sauce becomes too reduced.

Toward the end, put 4 anchovy filets in a small saucepan with one or two table-spoons of the sauce from the lamb. Heat and work them together until the anchovies are dissolved. Stir the anchovy mixture into the casserole a minute or two before serving.



WATCH  
WHAT  
BLACK WATCH  
DOES  
FOR  
A  
MAN  
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# ENCHANTMENT OFFSHORE

by HORACE SUTTON

*Offbeat and off the beaten track, Italy's Tyrrhenian islands offer cool prices, hot black beaches and peaceful relaxation to tired Olympic travelers*

FORCES of the American tourist light infantry seeking to put ashore on the seacoast of Olympic Italy next summer stand, if unarmed with prior reservations, a good chance of being hurled back into the sea. Nor are the opportunities for establishing a successful beachhead for suntanning and swimming purposes any better on the glossy Italian islands of Capri, Ischia or even Elba.

Fortunately, however, Italy also owns clear title to a magnificent string of tiny islands which have been all but undiscovered by Americans. Indeed, had it not been for the yeasty advertising and the personal *amori* of Roberto Rossellini and his star Ingrid Bergman (THEY MADE LOVE ON THE SLOPES OF AN ERUPTING VOLCANO, said the ads in 1949), even the name of Stromboli would, like its neighboring islands, be all but unknown in the U.S.

The Little Known Islands, as I must call them collectively, are sprinkled all along the shinbone and the toe of the boot from Leghorn in the north to Sicily in the south. Some are lush gardens of Mediterranean flowers, and others are stark and treeless, bubbling with active volcanoes that warm the sea water and make of it an unusual ocean spa. Some are still studded

with relics of Greeks and Romans who came to sojourn there 2,000 years ago. On all of them, however, modern tourism is just beginning. Nowhere are the rates higher than \$7 a day, and in many places in the southern string \$3.50 per person will carry the day, including room with shared bath, three meals and tips and taxes. The Little Known Islands are far and away the biggest buys in Europe.

The most unusual of the archipelagoes is that of the Aeolian Islands, far to the south. Here, many civilizations ago, came the Greeks with their cultural refinements and their mythology. Here, for them, was the home of Aeolus, the wind god; and while he rested here between zephyrs, Vulcan, the Roman fire god, at home on the fiery island of Vulcano, forged his weapons in the molten lava.

Treeless, barren, almost bleak, Vulcano today makes an improbable new home for the chic bohemia. It has two beaches, the Levante (sunrise) and Ponente (sunset). Levante is a hot-water beach—one of the world's few, if not its only one. Volcanic gases seeping through the black sand, and rocks heat the whole strand. Bathers are fond of taking hot-water health baths at the shore's very edge, resting their heads on protruding

rocks. For a surrealist backdrop there is a sheltering cliff wall painted by the minerals in startling shades of rust, yellow and blue-green. On the heights just behind Levante across the alum flats, a slippery path leads to a pool for natural mud baths. The hot sulphurous water will take the tenseness from the supercharged, the kinks from knotted muscles and the color from the bathing suits. Indeed, in the irradiated air of Vulcano, fabrics change color with the whimsy of a vacillating chameleon, natural hair bleaches, bleaches darken, and stockings have been known simply to disintegrate without notice.

Vulcano's Ponente Beach is more docile. It is soft, curving and jet-black, and bathers lol there in the afternoon sun, building black castles in the sand. Trees may have a hard time finding roots in this volcanic cove, but hotels are finding the Ponente strip a fertile base. Handsomest of all is Les Sables Noirs, a 20-room inn which opened last summer. Brilliant Sicilian tiles have been inlaid in its floors, its yellow-door rooms all open to a courtyard surrounded by a reed-covered walkway. The Lazy Susan in the bar is an old decorated Sicilian cartwheel, and a broad terrace looks out to the setting sun and, in the blackness, to the pinpoint lights of the night fishermen. It is being run with cosmopolitan finesse by a cousin of the novelist Frances Winwar, Santo Vinciguerra, who spends his spare hours skin-diving in the ruins

continued



*ON GIGLIO, Ferdinando Pardini rolls a beer ball at his hideaway hotel, a 20-minute boat ride from island's port.*



*AT LIPARI, island-made hats are for sale to sun-dodgers. The island has an arropolis and a fine museum.*



*FROM ELBA to Sicily the islands are nests for yachts, whose owners explore such underdeveloped sites as Monte Cristo.*



*VULCANO, the newest discovery, has volcanic gases that heat the sea water and produce spectacular black beaches.*



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## ENCHANTMENT

continued

of an old Roman ship sunk long ago near by. A handsome new room with a brilliantly tiled shower bath and electricity at Les Sables Nours comes to \$3.70 a day, food included—a robust price by Aeolian standards.

Villaggio Eolie is an encampment of 24 cabins all made of canna, a Sicilian bamboo which grows on Vulcano. The interiors are artfully furnished, candle-lit, and each has its own magnificent Sicilian-tiled private bath. Cold water only. Villa Concetta, Commendatore Giovanni La Rosa, proprietor, has 34 Spartan rooms, two with their own private bath. At \$3.50 a day, all included, it attracts so many Germans that it now keeps on hand a blond-haired German *Meister* of ceremonies who, in his open-to-the-navel white shirt, his white ducks and white shoes, looks as if he had run all the way from one of those displays of mass gymnastics that his homeland has always been so fond of.

Some 450 people live on Vulcano, most of them five miles up on the island top in a cluster of shelters which house the church, post office and doctor. Until recently, cables that had been flashed two hours before from Paris or New York were delivered by donkey, and you paid extra if you wanted delivery by night or in the rain. Cables marked *urgente*, which require beating the donkey, cost 600 lire extra. The cable office now owns a Lambretta, but tourist baggage is still loaded in donkey carts and taken to the water's edge, where it is transferred to outboard runabouts to be lightered out to the boat.

Vulcano, of course, is where the Italian actress Anna Magnani, at the brink of eruption over Roberto Rossellini's attentions to Ingrid Bergman, made her own move as an answer to the Rossellini-Bergman film *Stromboli*. While neither picture won a critic's award the two films were responsible for the awakening of the islands. Despite Bergman's box office—she is still pictured on the island's postcards—*Stromboli*'s tourism is not quite as developed, nor has it as yet been knighted by offbeat society's touch. The self-crowned creator of tourism on Stromboli is the tall, majestic Reverendo Antonino di Mattina, who played in the Rossellini film. After the film's appearance and the tremendous notoriety it cre-

ated, the good *reverendo*, who wears his black cassock with a straw pith helmet by day and changes to a beret at night, organized the Villaggio Stromboli, a hotel. It now has 22 rooms, many of them monastic and cell-like but eight of them are brand-new, overhanging the sea and the hotel's own pair of black benches. Last year the Villaggio opened a bar and a new open-air dining terrace looking out to Strombolichio, a shaft of rock jutting out in the sea one mile offshore, crowned with a lighthouse.

In the eeriness of Stromboli, you can sit at night sipping the sweet malvasia wine that tastes like Malaga and watch the sea turn red with the disappearing sun, then black and mauve. In some strange sunsets, Stromboli's white cubist houses turn green against the black benches, and the sky behind becomes a deep Confederate gray.

**D**ESPITE the ever-rumbling volcano and the lava soil, fig trees grow in great profusion by the sides of the paths—there are no roads. Papyrus blossoms, and the geraniums bloom electric pink. Great shocks of white lilies burst in front of roseate houses, and calla lilies nod at the end of lava-cobbled walks. Mimosa bubbles in great yellow sprays in spring, and the black sand is strewn with red seaweed like a wig abandoned by Gwen Verdon playing Ondine. And when a palm frond cascades over the whitewashed walls of the square's Moorish houses the vision of a mansion in Morocco is complete.

Life seemed less than beautiful to many of the owners of these houses who fled in the unquiet '30s, off to a new life in Canada, Australia, Brooklyn or San Francisco. Their long-abandoned homes are being turned into profit at long last and are being snapped up by enterprising Swiss and Scandinavians who make them into villas. The going price for a tiny two-story house with one room on each floor and the kitchen in a separate plaster shack across the court is now \$1,000, an unheard-of amount of money in pre-film days.

Budgeteering Germans and Swiss tour groups frequent the pleasant-enough hotel and restaurant called La Sirenotta at the harbor's edge, but two inns of some elegance are also scheduled to be ready this coming year. The sea bathing from the dozen or more black beaches is acceptable,

continued

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Map by Jerome Kuhl

**HAVENS OF PEACE.** Little Known Isles can be reached from any part of Italy by train, bus, plane and ferry. Close off-shore, they are yet apart from the more crowded tourist isles.

## ENCHANTMENT

*continued*

but Stromboli is primarily for excursions, especially by night. There are trips by motor launch around the side of the island called the Sciara del Fuoco, where the lava tumbling down for centuries has left a black carbon slide. The ambitious walk at night to the top of the crater, but a compromise excursion will take the hiker on a curving path to the observatory, an hour's trudge each way. The big show is Stromboli's volcano, which is supposed to disgorge red lava every hour, but as a performer the crater is Old Unfaithful. The skin-diving is good at Strombolichio, the 180-foot natural pile offshore. A 152-step staircase has been cut into the rock and, for the breathless who climb it, there is a fine view of the Aeolian domain of Aeolus, and beyond to Sicily and the mainland of Calabria.

In the quiet pre-film days, a lumbering steamer puffed out from Sicily

to these strange little dots beyond. Now with the renaissance the Italians have introduced a strange vessel called the *aliscafo*, a motorboat that rides on skilike hydrofoils. From its nest in Messina, it makes daily forays at 40 miles an hour straight into the lairs of Aeolus and Vulcan, tearing into the harbors like a hot rod and blowing loudly on a klaxon that could be Triton's horn. The present hydrofoil carries 72 passengers and cruises up the Strait of Messina, a narrow neck of land that separates Sicily and the Italian mainland. The *aliscafo* also slaloms at high speed around the oddly shaped spode boats that fish the waters for swordfish. A sight from another age is the harpooner, standing far out on a bending bowsprit that is as long as the boat itself, waiting with two-pronged spear in hand for the call of the lookout in a teetering perch high in the rigging.

Nowhere is *spode* more tastefully served than broiled in olive oil in the harbor of the Filippino Restaurant on

the island of Lipari where the *aliscafo* pauses three hours for lunch. Capers which grow wild and as big as plump raisins on these islands are a favorite garnish and are sprinkled on salads like blueberries on breakfast cereal.

**T**hrough Filippino's is packed for summer lunches, Lipari is not really a tourist island, being occupied with the less larksome business of mining pumice stone, for abrasives and dentifrices. While it has no beaches or resorts, Lipari harbors one of the best museums of the Mediterranean, offers some stupendous views and in deference to those who pause for those pleasures, the tiny shops squeezed into the crannies in the old walled town display racks of tourist hats that must be a source of summer perplexity to the natives.

Excavations in the acropolis of Lipari have uncovered archaeological layers that go back to the Stone Age. There are stone handles from doors fashioned 3,000 years before Christ,



a necropolis of the Ansonians from 1050 B.C., eggshells still in kitchen utensils fashioned in the 4th century B.C. Travelers today edge around stone Roman tombs in the garden while searching for vantage points from which to photograph the harbor far below.

The history and the beauty of these islands were lost on Mussolini, who used Lipari, as he did many of the other Little Known Islands, as a prison. Some 400 stubborn parliament members, Freemasons, lawyers and journalists, were incarcerated here on the hill, alongside the historical ruins. On Lipari they lived amid the burgeoning geraniums, the lush carpets of bougainvillea and the views through the chinks in the ramparts down to the tiny harbor with its fishing boats, its church at the water's edge, the nets strung out along its single quay.

**C**AFE society has conquered Capri, and the iconoclasts have long since fled to Ischia and made it famous. But who ever heard of Procida, half an hour from the nearest outstretched arm of the Bay of Naples? Like Lipari and the islands to the north, it, too, was used as a prison, but the jail occupies an isolated hill-top, and already there is one new hotel and more coming. When the boat comes in from Naples the islanders come swarming out of their rose and pale yellow and fierce-terra-cotta-colored houses that line the harbor. The carriage drivers come a-clattering too, but nowadays they are likely to lose out to the buzzing new invention called the *motorecorretto*, a motor scooter that has been transformed into a minuscule carriage with barely room for two in the back seat.

In five ear-splitting, nerve-jangling minutes the *motorecorretto* will take you climbing up to the heights of Terra Murata for the look back into the maze of whitewashed roof tops plastered all over the ridge line gathered around the mothering dome of the church called the Madonna della Grazie. Down in the beachside part of town called Coricello live the anchovy fishermen. Beyond is the uninhabited island of Vivara, popular for rabbit hunting, and across from it the hulk of Ischia, the smart retreat of those who wouldn't be caught dead or alive on Capri.

Procida, known as Prochyta in ancient days, was used as a setting by the French writer, Alphonse de La-

*continued*



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## ENCHANTMENT

continued

martine for his novel, *Graciosa*. Now the promotionally minded fathers call the place the Island of Graciosa and stage a Graciosa festival the end of every August. The best inn is the new Hotel Pif, set on the heights above the sea in a garden of lemon trees and white geraniums and banana fronds. The outdoor bar curls around an old olive tree; there is a brown sandy beach far below, and the seaside rooms look across the water to the circus isle of Capri.

Grottoes gulore greet the skin-diver who makes his way to Ponza, largest island of the Pontine archipelago, 20 miles offshore, halfway between Naples and Rome. A place of myths and legends (Aeneas is said to have stopped there), treeless Ponza in this space-conscious age is more apt to be compared to the landscape of the moon. Great rocks jut from the sea along its rock-hewn coast, and iridescent caverns glow there, luring the scuba set to cool caves, clear caves and a freighter sunk in World War II. One plain hotel \$3 a night double, \$1.75 single, one good restaurant, one jukebox nightclub and one gravel beach are what Ponza has today, but more is in the offing. By the time a new hotel, more eateries and a few shops have been set up, Ponza's connection to the mainland will also probably be less tenuous (at present, the ferry goes thrice weekly in the season from Anzio and Formia, and Sundays from Naples) and with American visitors already arriving along with the Continental steadies, oldtime "naturalists" are beginning to look for new horizons.

North of Rome, in the sea that rolls between Corsica and the Italian west coast, tiny islands are in orbit about the earth of Elba. Somewhat since that day in 1815 when Napoleon sailed for Cannes to end his exile and commence upon the Hundred Days, Elba roused itself suddenly after World War II. Forty hotels have sprouted in the last 10 years, at least half a dozen of them offering beachside luxury at \$10 a day. Lake Ischia it has grown too fast and become too well known to be a Little Known Island. But its satellites in the Tuscan Archipelago still qualify — Gorgona; Capraia, once a Genoese colony and still equipped with a 15th century castle; Pianosa; Monterosso, with its memories of Dumas; Giglio; and Giannutri, which I came to think of fondly as Gene Autry. The first three are still prison islands with ideas of future tourist grandeur. Monterosso was once the summer repose of the Italian royal family, who came there in the royal yacht. It has but two residents—the caretakers of the castle, is bereft of inns but is reachable by chartered speedboat from Elba. Giglio is the pick, the new little-known darling of the cognoscenti, with the best rooms facing the sea, private bath, three meals a day to let at less than \$6 in the top of the summer, less than \$3 a day early in June and late in September.

Train or car will carry you the hundred miles from Rome to Orbetello, just beyond the new fashionable resort at Ansedonia. Orbetello sits on a spur of land leading to a hill called the Monte Argentario. On either side of it are salt lakes where the Fascist Italian aviator, Italo Balbo, experimented with flying boats and took

off on a historical flight to the U.S. in 1938. A turn to the left leads to Porto Ercole, which looks like a stage set for a picturesque fishing village. A turn to the right leads to Porto Santo Stefano, a village curved around a harbor dotted with fishing boats and gorgeous summer villas. From Porto Ercole the boat leaves for Gene Autry. From Porto Santo Stefano a big white yachtlike shuttle departs for Giglio 11 miles offshore, a land which Stendhal called the Mermaid's Isle.

**I** SPED no mermaids in my days on Giglio, but the entire village called Giglio Porto tumbled out of its houses when our ship came in, and I can only suppose that they perform similarly each day and twice on Sundays, which is the summer schedule. The Porto people live in houses that huddle shoulder to shoulder, beige and pink and amber. Some have lacy balconies, and bright green shutters are uniform on all. An old Saracen tower guards the harbor entrance and two lighthouses show the way. Behind rises the mountain, its outcropping of rocks breaking through the fields of green broom like knees in threadbare pants. Cufes put out squares of geraniums to plant the flag of their domain on the harborside walk. And whatever real estate hasn't been spoken for is covered by day with endless strands of fish net hung to dry and be repaired. The village sports thunder up the back streets on their motorcycles and all of them wear blue jeans which sell in the stalls affixed with labels that depict a bucking bronco and say "Confection F-Bell. Sturdy. Well. For Weekend. For Worker. For Sport." At night sporting types and workers and village wives all gather in the cafés and sit on rows of benches to watch the television. The island favorite: Perry Como.

Anchoring one end of the harbor is a boxy hulk known altogether as Demo's Hotel la Nuova Pergola. Since there also is a Pergola that is not so sure just next door owned by the same family, one must insist on the real goods. Though called a hotel, Demo's new Pergola is, in true fact, a *pensione* of first category. But its appointments are comfortable enough, its atmosphere uniahe and its food extraordinary. Fish is the dish—*triglia* (red mullet), *dentice* (like a toothy striped bass), *nasello* (whiting) and,

continued



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## ENCHANTMENT

continued

above all, lobsters. Since grilling lobster is about as outrageous an idea in Italy as serving cream with espresso, you might try lobster cold with olive oil and ground pepper. It is not only a tasty departure but it avoids mayonnaise, a recommended sidestep in European areas where the refrigeration is questionable. The bill here will come to \$3.70 a day for room and meals from June 15 to September 15, \$4.40 a day before and after. Demo's brochure, which quotes Stendhal, also describes Giglio as "All that a subaquatic fisher can desire." I was not quite as much taken with the *Saraceno*, built over the boulders on the opposite side of the harbor, even though each of the 20 rooms has a terrace and bath and there are steps that will lead the subaquatic fisherman right down to the sea.

**T**AXI or bus will take you back over the hulking mountain through the broom and the steeply terraced vineyards and the stone huts for grape-pressing on location. Campese is a sleepy village on the east side of the island flanked by a Medici tower and an iron mine. In between is a fine sand beach that glistens in the sun with particles of pyrite, glows with ampolas that grow in the sand, and in summer echoes to the polyglot habble of the French, the German, the Swiss and the English who all but burst the little 18-room Albergo Campese. The hotel has only one accommodation with private bath, but the broad windows of its lesser suites all face the beach, and the price, all meals and taxes and tips included, is about \$3.50 a day. The one with private bath costs 35¢ a day more. Make your bid early.

The pastimes of those who seclude themselves at Campese are to bathe all day, to take excursions to a tree-shaded glen in the hills called Franco on treks to Allume, a small beach a kilometer away, and to contemplate the tower which dominates town, beach and local conversation. Built by Ferdinand I, of the Medici, it is now the weekend villa of the Conte Rodolfo della Piane, a Milanese cotton merchant. The della Piane décor varies from 2,000-year-old Etruscan vases and Greek busts in the gardens to television, tiled baths and a ping-pong table in the tower. The walls are 10 feet thick, there is one room

on each floor, and the whole place came complete with a legend that an underwater passage leads clear to the mainland.

The most curious, incomprehensible settlement on the island is Giglio Castello, a scrubby town of dark stone houses all huddled inside the old protecting walls on the very top of the highest point on the island. The alleys are too narrow for cars. The inhabitants, who live off the mines of Campese, live all their lives looking at gray rock only now and then relieved by a stray growth of green broom hurgueoling out of the stone. The fields around Castello are a popular Italian place for fall shooting, and a popular dish of the mountaintop is hare succulenta.

A place of modern refuge is Giglio's charming hideaway called Pardini's Hermitage Hotel, an inn reachable by a 20-minute boat ride from Giglio Porto. Perched high on a hilltop in view of nothing but the sea, the place is run in great taste by Frediano Pardini and his wife, who also have a hotel at Viareggio. There are just eight double rooms and two singles, and not much to do but play bocce, skin-dive and sunbathe, usually in the altogether, on sun decks thoughtfully scattered a few yards from each other around the fringe of the mountain. There is a private spring for drinking water, and Pardini likes to say, "I am autogenous for eggs and chickens." Everything else has to be imported from Giglio Porto, including the customers. The price per person with meals is less than \$5 a day in April, May, June, September and October and less than \$6 a day in July and August.

A new hotel is abuilding on the half-moon-shaped island of Giannutri, which seems to be suffused with a sort of mystical air. Religious orders hid here when the barbarian hordes swung out of the north, and pirates from the south hid here while preying on shipping. But long before, it was known to the Romans, and there are still tangible traces of a huge Roman reservoir, an old Roman harbor and a magnificent Roman villa, pavements and baths of multicolored marble and onyx brought from Morocco. After 2,000 years of turbulence, villas are again being built on Giglio and Giannutri, and The Islands of Silence, like the rest of Italy's Little Known Islands, so long so somnolent, are springing to summer life, soon to be Little Known no more. **END**

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# 1934: NO PLACE TO GO BUT UP

*The mood of the country was recovery, and as employment rose, so did the spirits of the nation. Broadway and Hollywood had a memorable year. The pass took over college football and Silver Anniversary All-Americans played their last season*

by HENRY ROMNEY

WE HAVE PLOWED the furrow and planted the good seed; the hard beginning is over." To millions of Americans clustered around the radio on January 3, 1934, these words, in the confident Groton-Harvard voice, confirmed a growing hope. After four bruising years of the Great Depression, Americans were picking themselves up off the floor. Assuredly, they told each other, there was no place to go but up.

Their hopes were firmly fixed on Flawman ROOSEVELT. Will Rogers, the syndicated sage, eying the election returns which left only 23 Old Guard Republicans in the Senate, was calling the voter and F.D.R. "a lovesick couple." Businessmen, despite Harry Hopkins' grimly gleeful warning that "this country does not know what real taxation is," could see no recovery without That Man in the White House, and Lloyd's of London found profitable unexpected new business in insurance policies on the President's life and continued health.

The chosen instrument for business recovery was still the NRA, General HUGH JOHNSON commanding. Even that confirmed loner, Henry Ford, came out in favor of the general's high-flying Blue Eagle. But even so, Old Iron Pants Johnson had a crowfoot of problems before the year was out and quit after a clanging match with Clarence Darrow, the famed legal eagle whom Roosevelt had appointed to the NRA eyle to keep order.

Few were as rash as General Johnson, for jobs were still scarce and one man out of every four was living wholly or partly on relief. Nevertheless, strikes among those solidly employed were becoming a serious national problem. JOHN L. LEWIS, his bushy brows fast becoming as familiar as Santa's whiskers, made himself and his miners a potent new force to be reckoned with. The word share caught on, and wildly original share-the-wealth schemes began to flourish across the country, especially in California, the new haven for the retired and pensioned-off. Dr. Francis E. Townsend promised to abolish poverty "within five years" with a gimmick to hand out \$200 a month to anyone 60 or over who had "lived an upright life," and clean-living elder citizens

in 47 states banded together in hundreds of Townsend Plan Clubs.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, relatively recently established as a Page One personality, was credited with saving the job of at least one man. When Nicholas Vassilakos, for 28 years a peanut-stand proprietor at a busy Washington intersection, was threatened with extinction as a traffic obstruction the First Lady appealed to her husband. Vassilakos stayed, reciprocated with a day's receipts (\$9.45) for the President's new polio fund.

It was a time not only of economic reform but of earnest inquiry into the nature of man and his society. In keeping with strong national sentiments, the President endorsed a highly publicized drive "to take the profit out of war."

As the year progressed, some 3 million people found new jobs and the mood of recovery began to spread. "The credit of the nation was never greater or sounder," proclaimed Commerce Secretary Daniel C. Roper.

Nowhere was the new jauntness more evident than in the entertainment business. There was magic in the star system, and Hollywood was having one of its best years. GRETA GARBO, flitting through the Southwest with one of her directors publicly searching for privacy, was accorded none. Headlines proclaimed her every stop and start and the moody Swede became even moodier.

Two great new faces flashed on the silver screen: those of a flesh-and-blood little girl with dimpled cheeks, and a pen-sketches ducky with a rasping voice. SHIRLEY TEMPLE's disarming performances in *Stand Up and Cheer* and *Little Miss Marker* made her everyone's adopted daughter. Donald Duck, strictly a bit player in his first Silly Symphony, stole every scene and became Walt Disney's second immortal creation.

Columbia Pictures won seven Academy Awards with two of the year's box-office hits. In *It Happened One Night* Clark Gable took off his shirt, brazenly displaying a bare chest, which sent under-shirt manufacturers into a depression of their very own as hundreds of thousands of emulative males did same,





MAE WEST shattered an illusion by proclaiming: "I don't drink or smoke; I don't go to Hollywood parties and sometimes I work so hard I fall asleep over dinner." But Hollywood had its share of troubles. Archbishop John Timothy McNicholas of Cincinnati organized the 2-million-strong Legion of Decency, and installed Joseph L. Breen, one-time A.P. newsmen, as watchdog. Producers releasing a picture without a seal of approval would henceforth face the Legion's wrath and boycott. *Of Human Bondage* and *Nurse* did all right without seals, but such pictures as *Little Women*, *The Thin Man* (the first of the unruffled, wisecracking private eyes) and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, which had them, did better.

It was a grand year for songs and singers, though RUDY VALLEE's megaphone was silenced momentarily by a tabloid divorce trial, and schmaltz lovers lost an idol when Russ (You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love) Columbo was accidentally but permanently silenced with an antique dueling pistol. People were dancing to *The Continental* and *La Cucaracha*, whistling *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* and *Stars Fell on Alabama*.

Broadway was seldom brighter, never more tuneful. Cole Porter's *Anything Goes* gave the country Ethel Merman and four timeless melodies: *Anything Goes*, *All Through the Night*, *I Get a Kick Out of You* and *You're The Top*. FANNY BRICE ("What did 'oo say?"), all wide-eyed innocence and pink hair ribbons, stole the Ziegfeld Follies. Drama audiences were chilled by Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* and scandalized by the glandular Laster family in *Tobacco Road*.

Stars, producers and backers of ill-different plays cringed before the witty, scudulous critiques of ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT.

Music lovers were dismayed when Leopold Stokowski quit the Philadelphia Orchestra after 22 years, and connoisseurs of the exotic dance were titillated when SALLY RAND offered her famous fans to the Smithsonian Institution.

The reading public had a meaty year. Social protest continued to flourish in fiction and nonfiction. Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons* shed a harsh light on the fortune makers of the preceding half century. But one of the most severely castigating tycoons, ancient JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, peacefully played out the year on the golf links, confident that his controversial transactions had been more than balanced by the unequalled munificence of his benefactions. Another Robber Baron, J. P. MORGAN, spent the year on his yacht *Corsair*, putting in to port only to protest the huge taxes levied against his estates by revenue-hungry town assessors. André Malraux won world acclaim with publication of *Man's Fate*, a grim account of the revolution in China. William Saroyan, seeking to establish "the truth of my presence on earth," brought out his first book, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*. But the literary milestone of the year was a legal

opinion. Federal Judge John Munro Woolsey ruled that James Joyce's *Ulysses* could be distributed in the U.S.

It was a year of good guys and bad guys, and the bad guys came to no good end. All but one of the nation's public enemies were killed or captured. AL CAPONE was whisked off to Alcatraz. Good guy J. Edgar Hoover's federal cops scragged John Dillinger, the country's most notorious killer, and displayed his body on a slab in the Chicago morgue, where it briefly became a major tourist attraction.

The good guys carried the day in New York behind FIORELLA (Little Flower) LA GUARDIA. He took over as mayor and quickly began clearing out a "cesspool of corruption."

In Callender, Ontario a kindly old country doctor named ALLEN ROY DAFOR delivered Mrs. Elzire Dionne, age 24, of five girls, and he, Mama Dionne, Papa Dionne, Marie, Emile, Cecile, Annette and Yvonne and Callender were on the way to everlasting fame.

Admiral RICHARD (Dickie) BYRD spent seven historic pam-racked months in an antarectic outpost. Overcome by the fumes from his kerosene stove, he fell gravely ill, suffered indoor temperatures of 30° below zero, withheld his desperate plight from his radio contact in Little America.

It was a great sports year—one of the greatest of all time. The Gashouse Gang of the St. Louis Cardinals took the National League pennant. Pepper Martin repeatedly stopping the fans' hearts with his daring head-first slides. It was BABE RUTH's last and worst year with the Yankees: 22 HRs and a batting average of .288, and Lou Gehrig's best year (49 HRs, a batting average of .353). It was the year the Dean boys, Dixie and Paul, won 30 and 19 games respectively.

It was the year HAROLD VANDERBILT, cool as a cucumber and calculating as a Mississippi riverboat gambler, skipped his *Rascal*, considered the slower boat to a narrow America's Cup victory, leaving challenger T.O.M. Sopwith highly angry and despondent as he and his *Endurance* sailed for England.

It was the year PRIMO CARNERA reigned as heavyweight champion, though there are those who said that most of his fights were fixed, but certainly not the last one, which he lost to Max Baer.

It was the year BYRON LONG, dictator of Louisiana and football fan supreme, bestowed colonies on Louisiana State's touchdown snorers; "elected" a full-back state senator; on occasion paid the way of the student body to out-of-state games; personally led the cheering section and ran across the playing field to argue with opposing coaches.





It was the year in which the men whose subsequent careers are detailed on the following pages played their last season of football. All played the game well, some played it superbly. Pug Lund starred at tailback for Minnesota's national champions and

threw the pass that beat Pitt in possibly the finest college football game ever played. Midshipman Slade Cutter, a tackle on the best Navy team in years, beat Army with his toe. Alabama's Don Hutson teamed with Halfback Dixie Howell to bedevil powerful Stanford in the Rose Bowl.

Football gained momentum and an air of spectacle. The size of the ball was again reduced, restrictions on passing eliminated. Forward passes filled the air as never before, and the fans loved it. Howell-to-Hutson stunned plodding opponents in the South, and Southern Methodist made "aerial circus" synonymous with Texas. Notre

Dame snipped Army on the clutch passing of Andy Pilney, and Yale's legendary Larry Kelley caught a memorable pass to defeat Princeton. At Colgate, Coach Andy Kerr sparked a new and exciting offensive concept with the development of the lateral pass. Football fever proved highly contagious: Notre Dame students took a new look at the statue of their third president, one arm raised in benediction, and irreverently dubbed him "Fair Catch" Corby. Missouri's coach ordered the men on his squad to stop wearing ties and jackets, don corduroy trousers, start looking more like football players and less like effete scholars.

It was a momentous year for southwestern football as Texas teams toppled northern football powers for the first time. Michigan, fresh from an era of unchallenged supremacy, had its worst season in history and came out a winless last in the Big Ten. Southern California, a perennial power, won only four of 11 games, but down in Kentucky the little-known Murray Aggies sailed through the season undefeated, untied and unscorred-upon. At the other extreme, Illinois' Knox College es-

## SOME OF THE MEN AND THEIR MOMENTS



**WRESTLER** Jim London (here on bottom) defeated Strangler Lewis for world title before a record 60,000 Chicago crowd.



**STANFORD JUNIOR** Lawson Little took the British Amateur title with ease, added U.S. Amateur for rare double.



**RACING NOVELTY** was Isabel Dodge Slocum, first important woman owner, shown here with her leading money-winner Cavalcade.



**WIMBLEDON BRITON** Fred Perry was first of his country to win Wimbledon in 25 years.

**MILEK'S YEAR** featured Glenn Cunningham in stunning 4:06.7 at Princeton for a world record.



**GASBONE GANGSTER** Pepper Martin beats throw to Tigers' Mickey Cochrane in World Series. Cards burned up field with derring-do, and Dean brothers pitched four victories.

established itself firmly as the nation's No. 1 patsy by losing eight games without scoring a point and running its string of consecutive defeats to 27; coincidentally, the Knox coach lost 27 pounds during that disastrous fall.

New York City was the mecca of college football fans. City College, Manhattan, NYU all fielded teams, and Columbia, with remnants of its 1933 Rose Bowl squad, gave Lou Little his fourth successful season in a row. Fordham's Rams played several intersectional games, including a 14-9 loss to archrival St. Mary's before a capacity crowd at the Polo Grounds; a fine end named Eddie Erdelatz caught the game-winning pass. The biggest crowd of the regular season, some 80,000 subway alumni, jammed Yankee Stadium for the annual Army-Notre Dame contest.

It was a notable year for pre- and postseason play. Tulane defeated Temple in the first Sugar Bowl game and Green Wave Halfback Monk Simons went on to become the bowl's chief administrator. In Chicago a pro-college all-star game was arranged as part of the

Century of Progress Exposition, inaugurating an annual midsummer classic. Over 79,000 fans watched the best of the collegians battle Nagurski, Grange and the Chicago Bears to a scoreless tie. The Bears, affectionately dubbed "Monsters of the Midway," went through 13 regular-season National Football League games without defeat but lost the playoff to the crafty New York Giants, who played in sneakers, on the frozen Polo Grounds turf.

Big names and big schools made the headlines, but the game was played with varying skill and equal enthusiasm all across the nation. Lawyer Ken DeBevoise ran the end-around play for Amherst, engineer Wally Johnson happily savored victory over archrival Occidental, banker Ben Blackford anchored an undermanned St. Lawrence line. Cheers from packed stands and idolatrous cheering sections everywhere proclaimed the arrival of football as a fast, rough, exciting supplement to recovery in America.

TURN THE PAGE FOR THE JUDGES AND THE MEN THEY CHOOSE



**UNANIMOUS ALL-AMERICA.** Minnesota's Pug Lund, and Guard Bill Bevan, one of last of era's bareheaded players, led undefeated Gophers to Big Ten title and first national championship.



**TRUE BLUE HERO** Larry Kelley caught a fake-kick pass from Jerry Roscoe, outfought Princeton defenders to score touchdown in Yale's 7-0 victory. Strong Ellis won Big Three title.



**VOICE OF SPORT** was Graham McNamee, shown at work before microphones rigged for proper distance when emotions rose.

**SWEET VICTORY.** Navy's first over Army since 1921, hung on bareheaded Slade Cutter's 22-yard field goal. Wary ball-control sparring in mire contrasted with lively, freewheeling play that characterized most of this exciting college season.



# SILVER ANNIVERSARY

## THE JUDGES

*From nominating citations prepared by the colleges these 24 distinguished Americans made the final choice of 25 men whose achievements over the past quarter century they considered the most worthy.*



**WILLIAM C. DOLENTUS**  
*Executive Vice-President  
American Tel. and Tel.*



**HERBERT BROWNELL**  
*Conrad  
Lord, Day & Lord*



**CARTER L. BURGESS**  
*President, American  
Machin & Foundry Co.*



**ERWIN D. CANHAM**  
*Editor, The Christian  
Science Monitor*



**JOHN L. COLLIER**  
*Chairman  
The E. F. Goodrich Co.*



**EDWARD A. CUDAHY**  
*Chairman  
The Cudahy Packing Co.*



**RALPH K. DAVIES**  
*Chairman, American  
President Lines, Ltd.*



**JOHN W. GALSBREATH**  
*John W. Galsbreath & Co.  
Columbus, Ohio*



**HAROLD (RED) GRANGE**  
*Football commentator  
and All-American*



**CARL S. HALLAUREN**  
*President, Bausch &  
Lomb Optical Co.*



**GEORGE M. HUMPHREY**  
*Chairman  
National Steel Corp.*



**CHARLES H. KELLSTADT**  
*President  
Sears, Roebuck and Co.*



**CHESTER J. LA BOCKE**  
*Chairman  
C. J. LaBocke & Co.*



**DONALD S. LESLIE**  
*President  
Hammamill Paper Co.*



**J. SPENCER LOVE**  
*Chairman and President  
Burlington Industries*



**DOUGLAS MACARTHUR**  
*General of  
the Army*



**WILLIAM L. MCKEIGHT**  
*Chairman, Minnesota  
Mining & Manufacturing*



**R. S. MARSH**  
*President, Ashland,  
Tyrpe & Santa Fe Ry.*



**T. S. PETERSEN**  
*President, Standard Oil  
Co. of California*



**J. F. REINHARDT**  
*President  
Burlington Rubber Co.*



**L. A. SWIREUL**  
*President  
Gruenman Abwegi*



**ROBERT PENN WARREN**  
*Author  
Fairfield, Conn.*



**P. E. WHELAN**  
*President, Mississippi  
Roughneck Refining Co.*



**ROBERT WOODRUFF**  
*Chairman, Fawcett Cos.,  
The Coca-Cola Co.*

# HERE ARE THE MEN WHO MADE IT

*These are the men the judges chose: 25 football players of 25 years ago who have made much of their lives and today serve their fellow citizens in law, medicine, the military, politics, advertising, banking, movie making, and in many other ways*



LIKE the Silver Anniversary men of previous years, the men of 1934 were consistently among the outstanding all-round men on their campuses. But unlike their predecessors, who on graduating felt the full weight of the Depression, the men of 1934 were caught up in the swing of recovery. The men who went before them for the most part had to latch on to the first jobs that came their way. The men whose careers are detailed below and on the following pages could generally start in the field of their choice. Their average starting salary was just over \$1,000. Twenty-five years later their average income is close to \$50,000 a year, and they are working an average of 65 hours a week to earn it. All love their work, and money appears to be very much a secondary incentive. All are married, with an average family of three children.

At first glance, they would seem to have little else in common. But when they contemplate their lives to assess what has proved of value, they fell into an unusually single-minded group. All hold with conviction to the ideal of the well-rounded man and to the singular importance of a basic liberal arts education. All believe, to varying extents, in the value of football as a mold of effective and courageous young men. Even the scientific men among them dislike the "mere egghead" and the "narrow specialist."

They consider themselves today as sports-minded as they were in college, and almost all of them share this active interest with their families. Most of them are golfers and hunters, with other interests ranging from antique furniture refinishing to mushroom hunting.

Here they are in vignette:

## DONALD HUTSON UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

*Don Hutson automobile agency, Racine, Wis.*

When Don Hutson, possibly the most gifted pass catcher ever to play college football, joined the pro ranks the Green Bay Packers' management considered his salary so unheard-of that they swore him to secrecy and paid him by two weekly checks. They came to \$300 a game. Today both pro football and Don Hutson have come a long way. "I loved football," recalls Hutson in his soft Arkansas drawl, "but all my life I wanted to be in business for myself and I used football toward that goal." The man who caught 489 passes for 8,010 yards in his 11 pro years was too busy this fall to see a single game; there was always a sales conference, a directors' meeting at the bank or a community chore to be attended to. It is a busy, constructive life whose rewards—a 7 handicap at the country club, a substantial home and a large income—Don Hutson savors fully.





## KENDALL DE BEVOISE

AMHERST

*Partner, Breed, Abbott and Morgan, New York City*

Ken DeBevoise is his law firm's respected specialist in federal business legislation, a knotty tangle of decisions by courts and federal agencies, the unraveling of which, on behalf of such clients as Owens-Illinois Glass and Armco Steel, has led him to argue before the Supreme Court. For many years a member of the Montclair, N.J., school board and a life trustee of Amherst, he has been intimately concerned with education almost since he left college. He believes football has a proper role in education, and he confesses to "all the old truisms: football builds character, teaches teamwork and initiative. It sounds corny, but it really is true." Like many of his generation, DeBevoise has become fascinated by professional football at the expense of the college game. He keeps a spectator's eye on Amherst and on his son's prep school sports performances for Deerfield Academy.



## ROBERT ANICETTI

BATES

*Nuclear fuel chemist, Kneblend, Wash.*

As a boy in Liboux Falls, Maine, where his father still owns the family grocery store, stocky Bob Anicetti had two driving ambitions: to become a college football player and a scientist. Both his ambitions were fully realized. He became a topflight running guard on Bates teams that held their own against Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth, then went on to earn a doctorate at MIT. A gifted, intense but unassuming chemist whose powers of concentration often lead him past his own doorstep, his nose buried in work, Anicetti worked on the Manhattan Project during the war and is now absorbed in the development, production and testing of plutonium fuel elements at the Hanford Atomic Projects Operation. In a life devoted to science, Anicetti has allowed himself very few luxuries: he went until 1949 without owning a car, loves music but finds "super hi-fi" too expensive.



## ARLEIGH WILLIAMS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

*Dean of Men and Athletics at Berkeley*

Twenty-five football seasons ago, Arleigh Williams, a 158-pound tailback, pounded the center of a rugged Stanford line. "That game had everything you could ask for," recalls Williams. "Everything except victory." Stanford won 9-7, and the Cal tailback went on to become assistant football coach at neighboring Richmond Union High, then dean of boys. Williams took to the dean's job immediately: "I like working with boys and have a good ear." Two decades later, Williams was back at California as dean of men, a highly important job at one of the world's largest universities. Into Dean Williams' office have filed thousands of students. He does not believe that boys have changed over the past quarter century. "There are different techniques and more knowledge nowadays," he says, "but basically the problems are similar and they require a firm, just touch."



**MITCHELL FRANKOVICH****UCLA***Vice President, Columbia Pictures International, London*

All his life Mike Frankovich, an Angeleno of energetic and buoyant temperament now living in England, has liked to do half a dozen things simultaneously and do them well. As an undergraduate he was the star quarterback on the UCLA team, captained the baseball squad, was considered an outstanding student. Later he played professional baseball, wrote movie scenarios and became a notable sports radio commentator. All this led to producing pictures for the Columbia studio. After the war Colonel Frankovich moved his family to Europe, independently produced a number of pictures, now is managing director in Europe for Columbia Pictures. A not unusual day sees him drive his Rolls-Royce to lunch with Prince Philip, catch a Paris plane to arrange the release of a new Elizabeth Taylor picture, return to his private screening room in the country to do his homework.

**WALLACE JOHNSON****CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY***President, Up-Right Seafolds, Berkeley, Calif.*

When Wallace Johnson is tired he jumps in the pool for a long swim or canters on horseback across his 600-acre ranch. "What refreshes me," he explains, "is a change of activity." As president of a rapidly expanding manufacturing concern and a dedicated community leader, he tackles a wide variety of activities. The Up-Right firm pioneered in the use of lightweight, portable seafolding, has recently opened new plants in the U.S. and sends its products to virtually every country in the free world. A clever 145-pound quarterback at Caltech, Johnson is a strong proponent of collegiate athletics for all students. "Even a busy science student," he declares, "is not hindered in the least by participation in college sports, providing he gets enough sleep and is in reasonably good health. In fact, it's a real advantage to feel the urge of competition and the need for teamwork."

**ELLMORE C. PATTERSON****UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO***Senior Vice-President, Union Guaranty Trust, New York City*

Twenty-five autumns ago Ellmore Patterson, backing up a light Chicago line against mighty Minnesota, got clobbered with frightening regularity, finally was helped to his feet with a cracked rib by opponent Pug Lund, today a fellow award winner *see page 164*. Patterson, the outstanding scholar-athlete of his class, likes and believes in contact sports. "All your life you're butting your head against something." After graduation Patterson joined J. P. Morgan & Co., now manages the Midwest, Southwest and Canadian commercial interests of the newly merged Morgan Guaranty Trust, the nation's fifth-largest bank. He has been able to blend happily exceptionally demanding business, philanthropic and community responsibilities with an active family (five boys) that spends as much time together as possible water skiing, playing tennis, golf and intramural bridge.





**JOSEPH W. BOGDANSKI**  
COLGATE

*Judge, Superior Court of Connecticut, Hartford, Conn.*

On the bench Joe Bogdanski is gentle in manner, soft and deliberate in speech. It is only when he gestures with his hands, which are the large, muscular hands of a pass catcher, that his football heritage becomes apparent. Football and juvenile delinquency are Bogdanski's "pet subjects," and he is eloquent on the use of sports to help children. It was on the football field at New Britain (Conn.) High School that he met Abe Ribicoff, now the governor of Connecticut, whose politics Bogdanski has successfully made his own for many years. He ran for Congress in 1950, was narrowly defeated, has risen since through lower courts to his present seat on the Superior bench. He keeps as closely in touch with college football as he does with state politics and on a Sunday he likes to take his family hunting mushrooms in the pine stands near his Meriden home.



**DONALD C. HAGERMAN**  
DARTMOUTH

*Headmaster, The Holderness School, Plymouth, N.H.*

When Donald Hagerman became the first lay headmaster in The Holderness School's 80-year-history, he brought with him a firm belief in the value of competitive sports. "Competitive athletics," the headmaster says, "are essential in the development of leadership. Aside from their value as a conditioner, they produce intangibles—the mind becomes a bit sharper and the ability to stand up under pressure is developed." A durable guard and dependable place-kicker, Hagerman spent one year with the New England Telephone & Telegraph Company, then taught at Deerfield and Tabor before accepting his present position. Since then the enrollment has doubled and an ambitious building program is under way. Hagerman is an ardent skier, and the school now has its own slope and 30-meter jump, numbers three Olympic skiers among its alumni.



**WAYNE W. HAYES**  
DENISON

*Football coach, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio*

To Woody Hayes football is more than a game; it is a way of life, a microcosm of the world at large. In college, he maintains emphatically, a boy's "single greatest educational experience is the football he plays. As long as they are bona fide students, the college academic standards are not in jeopardy." Inflexible and outspoken, Coach Hayes works tirelessly for excellence and success in The Game, tells friend and foe alike: "We believe in winning above everything else. That's the only reason we play." On autumn weekends, his day begins at 8 a.m. on both days, rarely ends before midnight, but ex-Lineman Hayes would not want it any other way. Aside from football, his only real interest is children. He has headed numerous Columbus funds for crippled and retarded youngsters, and will make speeches or hospital visits on their behalf any time, any place.







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With classic simplicity, this holiday decanter beautifully frames the whisky welcomed around the world. Canada's great V.O., richly wrapped in blue with sash and seal, is more than a spirit, it is an international compliment to good taste. Regular Bottle also available in same giftwrap.

Known by the company it keeps **Seagram's V.O.**





*Volvo 440 GLE, 1964 model.*

## VOLVO economy does not mean compromise

Volvo demonstrates that the true "economy" car can reflect quality *without* compromise—in pride of ownership, comfort, safety, and the dependability that assures worry-free driving. Volvo is really the *complete* car: It comfortably seats five passengers, delivers 30 miles to the gallon, and yet provides as standard equipment many features which other automobile manufacturers call "optional." Why compromise? Let your dealer demonstrate that "economy" can mean quality.

*Sold and serviced by 350 dealers coast-to-coast.  
Ask about our European Delivery Plan.*



*Volvo 460 GLE  
1964 four-door model.*

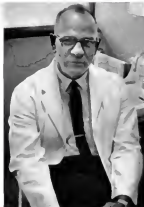


**Symbol of superb Swedish engineering  
and craftsmanship**

AUTOMOBILES • TRUCKS • MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL ENGINES

**ERNEST DUNLAP JR.****DUKE***Orthopedic surgeon, Atlanta*

Quiet, unassuming Ernest Dunlap has never lost his enthusiasm for sports. Now an 80-hour-a-week orthopedic surgeon, he maintains a sporting program that would put many a professional athlete to shame: he plays golf and tennis, bikes and swims regularly, rides horseback, fishes, hunts. He reads the sports pages voraciously, keeping tabs on the boys whose ills and injuries he tends as official Atlanta high school physician. Once a week Dr. Dunlap holds a crippled children's clinic in Albany, makes arrangements to bring the youngsters to Atlanta for surgery if needed. He sandwiches his daily office hours between hospital and clinic assignments. An accomplished violinist and would-be violist, he seems the mechanically minded, "always tired" modern age: "It's about time people built a little physical reserve. Athletics teach you to conserve strength as well as spend it."

**JOHN C. BROWN**  
**UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA***President, Coca-Cola Bottling Co. of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio*

John Brown decided to go out for football for the first time as a high school senior in order to win a college athletic scholarship. He succeeded, and Georgia has never regretted it. John Brown proved a first-rate guard who was to become a successful businessman and a much-decorated tank battalion commander. During his freshman year the rules allowed opponents to be struck with the open hand and he bruised the varsity so consistently that they finally broke his arm in self-defense. Starting as a \$1,200-a-year traveling representative for Coca-Cola, he later moved to Lansing, Michigan and became an avid follower of the football fortunes of Michigan State. Now settled in Columbus, Brown buys season tickets to Ohio State games but rarely has time to attend. "I've never even met Woody Hayes," he says sadly. "But Woody has managed nicely without me."

**E. DAVIS WILCOX**  
**GEORGIA TECH***E. Davis Wilcox Associates, architects, Tyler, Texas*

Tyler is a community of some 53,000 people, most of whom spend a part of their lives in buildings designed by fellow townsman Dave Wilcox, a square-faced, white-haired architect who prefers to call himself a "designing engineer." "I like a small town," says Wilcox, "because you're helping to shape your community. This is so important a challenge you have to be good all the time." That the schools, municipal buildings, churches, banks and homes Wilcox has designed are good is attested by a number of professional awards. Wilcox likes to keep his staff small, spends 55 hours a week on the job, mainly with clients and contractors. He was only the second architectural graduate to play varsity football at Georgia Tech, and he recalls its main lessons as "having to suffer a little—there is a challenge and hardship there not normally to be found in other college activities."





# **BARTON CUMMINGS**

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

*President, Compton Advertising, New York City*

In his large, uncluttered office, rangy Bart Cummings is a relaxed figure. He sits in shirtsleeves and how tie, speaks warmly of football and fly-fishing and seems far removed from the strongly competitive advertising business. But competition is a highly operative word with Cummings: in football, in studies, in business, it is to him the element that shapes and hones a man's character. "I believe in stretching a boy's capacities while he's a student. Competitive situations create their own discipline," he says. After three seasons as a standout tackle and end at Illinois, Cummings joined his father's advertising agency in Rockford, Illinois. He came to New York after the war and was named president of Compton at 41. Under his leadership, the agency has climbed to "about 12th" in billings, is held in esteem as an industry innovator and developer of young advertising men.



# **GEORGE L. COBB**

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

*President, S. H. Kres & Co., New York City*

To George Cobb the past quarter century has meant relentless hard work in a fast-changing field and the rewards of rising from an \$18-a-week trainee to a six-figure salary as president of one of the country's largest variety-store chains. A reticent, hardheaded New Englander, he gives 65 hours a week to his job, has almost no leisure time and is almost constantly on the wing between New York and his company's regional offices. Pressed to recall the autumn 25 years ago when he played center on an aggressive Maine team he allowed: "It makes you reminisce a bit. Football to me was the best of sports. The way we played it was fun and it had its very proper place in education. They still play it that way in New England. Football is an instructive sport. When you get your brains knocked out you're bound to see yourself in a little different light."



# **GERALD R. FORD JR.**

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

*U.S. Representative, Grand Rapids*

As center and linebacker on Michigan's 1934 aggregation, "June" (because he darted around the football field like a June bug) Ford was an understandably angry young man: the vaunted Wolverines were losing consistently. Named Michigan's most valuable player that sorry season, he went on to Yale as line coach and part-time law student. From then on, it was all wins, no losses. A thriving law practice in the Grand Rapids area led, in 1948, to his election to a congressional seat he has yet to relinquish. Ford is the ranking Republican member on the Subcommittee on Defense Appropriations and a member of the GOP House policy committee. But his Washington workload is light compared to the 80-hour weeks of drumbeating he puts in when Congress is not in session. "My job has too many hours," Ford admits, "but I enjoy it. I wouldn't do anything else."



**ROBERT STAFFORD**  
**MIDDLEBURY**

*Governor of Vermont*



After an unusually brief political apprenticeship by Vermont standards, Republican Robert Stafford, 46, last year became the 74th (and second-youngest) governor of his state. Since then he has won a reputation as a "strong" governor by the skill with which he has steered his liberal legislative program through the Assembly. Stafford, a lawyer in private life, served Navy hitch in both World War II and Korea. His immediate concern is preparing for a special session of the legislature next month to consider the "critical" highway-financing program. As an able politician with a very bright future he has almost no free time. What leisure he has is spent with his four-daughter family and in playing tennis and skiing. But one Saturday this fall ex-Tackle Stafford slipped away and watched his college heat Vermont, to conclude its most successful season in many a year.



**ROBERT M. STILLMAN**  
**UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY**

*Major General, USAF*



As commander of the Lackland Air Force Base, where all airmen (92,000 last year) must start their service careers, Robert Stillman, the first man of his class to attain general officer rank, is part businessman, part public-relations expert, part flyer and, by inclination, a full-time educator. "American youngsters need to hurt a little, to get really pooped, to be occasionally worked to a frazzle," he explains. Because such pressures are not a part of the normal educational routine, Stillman considers football invaluable: "It is the anvil on which you hammer out character." No spit-and-polish martinet, General Stillman is a rugged, alert combat commander (and former commandant at West Point), whose favorite sport, as a matter of fact, happens to be squash racquets and whose personal definition of a middle-aged athlete is a bowler whose average exceeds his golf score.



**FRANCIS (PUG) LUND**  
**UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA**

*Insurance Executive, Minneapolis*



As a triple-threat halfback on Bernie Bierman's powerhouse, Pug Lund was everybody's All-America, a fierce competitor who could do everything. "You might break him in two," said Bierman, "but you couldn't stop him." Highlight of the Gopher season was Lund's touchdown pass against Pitt which boosted Minnesota to a 13-7 victory and the national championship. With the game tied in the closing minutes, Lund took a lateral from Quarterback Glenn Seidel on a razzle-dazzle play and fired 18 yards to End Boh Tenner, who crashed into the end zone. Lund considers his years of football "the finest experience of my life but not an end in itself." Now a general agent for New England Mutual Life in the Minneapolis area, he has retained his competitive drive, sets a goal of one new client a week. He lacks alumnal activities but shuns involvement in all football politics.





**SLADE CUTTER**  
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

*Captain, USN*

This time of year, as he puts a new ship and a new crew through their seagoing paces, the thoughts of Slade Cutter are very much with football, especially with Naval Academy football, over which he presided as athletic director until recently. Slade Cutter is a big man, an articulate and outspoken man, an outstanding wartime submarine commander (four Navy Crosses) and a convinced proponent of big-time football. "There was a time," explains Cutter, "when I questioned whether you could maintain high academic standards and at the same time play big-time football. Now I know it can be done, but it's hard. You can dig both out of a boy who has the talents. Notre Dame does it." To Slade Cutter, the man whose 1934 field goal defeated Army for the first time since 1921, the ideal of excellence through competition is a most important fact of life.



**BENJAMIN BLACKFORD**  
ST. LAWRENCE

*President, Natl. Bank & Trust Co. of Fairfield County, Conn.*

Husky, vigorous Ben Blackford was a 205-pound end for a St. Lawrence team that battled such larger schools as Cornell and Colgate. "We had about 12 good players," Blackford recalls, "and there was no question of your leaving the ball game. I think I was substituted for about once a season." Now 15 pounds heavier, he has never abandoned the sound-mind, sound-body principle: "Business is a rough game physically, and in football I learned the importance of staying in shape. In business today you don't go anywhere if you lack vigor and determination." Despite the pressures of banking and other business responsibilities, Blackford serves as a trustee of St. Lawrence and the Williams College School of Banking. Now that he has hauled his sailboat out of the water, cleaned and put away his golf clubs, Blackford increases his daily walking stint to keep trim.



**ODELL M. CONOLEY**  
TEXAS A&M

*Brigadier General, USMC*

In the '30s, the Marine Corps each year offered regular commissions to three of Texas A&M's top honor students. "Dog Eye" Conoley, a beefy but highly mobile running guard, accepted happily, and began his career as a Marine lieutenant and football player at San Diego, saw subsequent service in China. Sent to the Pacific in 1942, he led his troops through some of the bitterest engagements of that theater, earned the Navy Cross in the Solomon Islands and the Silver Star at Cape Gloucester. Now assistant division commander of the Second Marine Division at Camp Lejeune, Conoley tackles rugged maneuvers with a leatherneck's determination. During one exercise this fall he operated three days and nights while soaked to the skin. "We use competitive sports, any type we can get. When you see the percentage of men rejected for service, it's rather frightening."



**CHARLES S. COATES**

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

*Chairman, Trans-Canada Pipe Line, Ltd.*

Texas oil and natural gas, Texas cattle and quarter horses and Texas football were and are important, and a good, part of Charles Coates' life. Coates played center on a Texas team that beat Notre Dame 7-6, started as a roughneck in the oil field, glad to get a job in Depression times. He advanced quickly through production and management ranks of several oil and natural gas companies, became executive vice-president of Trans-Canada, then president. There Coates was responsible for a truly magnificent engineering accomplishment: the construction of the world's longest natural-gas pipeline, built at a cost of \$375 million, which snakes from Alberta to Quebec. Last year Coates (a semiretired millionaire at 46) turned the presidency over to a Canadian associate, settled down to the cattle and horses on his ranch, still puts in 50 to 60 hours a week on business.

**H. LEO DICKISON**

VANDERBILT

*Director of Laboratories, Bristol Laboratories, Syracuse, N.Y.*

This fall has been the most satisfying in Dr. Dickison's life. Last month, before the seventh annual antibiotic symposium in Washington, D.C., he was able to detail his company's success in developing synthetic penicillin, a headline-making advance in antibiotic therapy. A brilliant student and aggressive offensive guard at Vanderbilt, he later became assistant professor of pharmacology at his university's medical school, joined Bristol in 1946. Like almost every other fellow award winner, Dickison strongly favors a basic liberal arts education, even for the would-be scientist, concurs that athletic ability is a talent like any other and should be recognized as such by colleges. Since moving North, Dickison has become a skier and a competitive sailor (Flying Dutchman class) "because the concentration they require is very relaxing," also refinishes antique furniture.

**SIDNEY N. TOWLE**

YALE

*Associate Headmaster, Kent School, Kent, Conn.*

Every prospect of Sidney Towle's mint-new job pleases him except that since his charges are all girls he cannot field a football team. Coeducation is a radical departure from tradition by Kent School, a bastion of Episcopal Church education. When Kent trustees last year voted for a girls' division, they asked Towle, then a Boston trustee and lawyer, to head the finance campaign. He took a six-month leave of absence, did the job so well he was asked to head the new division. Towle, a man of varied good causes, reflected that "there are many, many lawyers, too few headmasters" and accepted. Twenty-five years ago Towle, then a 170-pound back, savored a 14-0 victory over Harvard. This fall he is interviewing prospective students, showing parents the school, editing proofs of the school's catalog—and pondering Yale's recent loss to its classic football enemy.



# Goren's New Quiz



**M**AYBE YOU ARE the rare person who honestly belongs in that vastly overcrowded army of players who claim that they never "get the cards." There is no better way to find out—and prove forevermore that fate has it in for you—than by tackling the hands below. To rate yourself, a score of 82 to 90 is master, 72 to 81 top rate, 54 to 71 good, 36 to 53 average. If you score less, keep talking but never, never let anybody kibitz as you work a quiz. For the answers, turn the page. None of the hands is vulnerable unless otherwise noted. They pose a real test even for experts.

## 1 As South you hold:



S	W	N	E
1♠	3♣	PASS	PASS
?			

What do you bid now?

## 4 As South you hold:



N	E	S	W
1♠	PASS	1♥	PASS
1♣	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

## 2 As South you hold:



W	N	E	S
1♣	PASS	1NT	PASS
PASS	2♥	PASS	?

What do you bid now?

## 5 Both sides vulnerable. As South you hold:



W	N	E	S
2♥	3♣	DBL	?

What do you bid?

## 3 As South you hold:



N	E	S	W
1♣	PASS	1♠	1♠
3♣	PASS	?	

What do you bid now?

## 6 As South you hold:



E	S	W	N
1♥	2♣	PASS	2NT
PASS	?		

What do you bid now?



# 7 As South you hold:



N E S W

1♣ 3♦ ?

What do you bid?

# 13 As South you hold:



S W N E

1♣ PASS 1♥ PASS

?

What do you bid now?

# 8 As South you hold:



N E S W

1♣ PASS 3♦ PASS

4♣ PASS 5♣ PASS

5♥ PASS ?

What do you bid now?

# 14 As South you hold:



N E S W

1♣ PASS ?

What do you bid?

# 9 As South you hold:



N E S W

PASS 1♥ DBL PASS

3♦ PASS ?

What do you bid now?

# 15 As South you hold:



S W N E

1♣ PASS 3♦ PASS

3♥ PASS 3♣ PASS

?

What do you bid now?

# 10 As South you hold:



N E S W

1♥ PASS 1♣ PASS

3♥ PASS ?

What do you bid now?

# 16 As South you hold:



N E S W

1♣ PASS ?

What do you bid?

# 11 East-West vulnerable. As South you hold:



N E S W

1♥ 3♦ ?

What do you bid?

# 17 As South you hold:



E S W N

1♥ ?

What do you bid?

# 12 Both sides vulnerable. As South you hold:



S W N E

1NT PASS 2NT 3♦

?

What do you bid now?

# 18 As South you hold:



S W N E

1♥ PASS 1♣ PASS

3♦ PASS 3NT PASS

?

What do you bid now?

# HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

<b>1</b>	Three clubs	5 points
	Three spades	4 points
	Four spades	2 points
	Double	1 point

This hand possesses enormous offensive possibilities despite partner's failure to take action on the first round. It is true that a cue bid is always very drastic, but partner should recall that in the first instance you did not open with a demand bid of two spades. A jump rebid in spades is acceptable, but the cue bid is preferred because of your tolerance for a red-suit contract, should partner have some length in either of those suits. A reopening double is not recommended, first, because of its slight inadequacy and, second, because you are not prepared for a penalty pass.

<b>2</b>	Pass	5 points
	Two spades	2 points
	Three hearts	1 point

Partner is not attempting to go places. He is merely trying to prevent the adversaries from running off with a cheap part score. If he had even the mildest ambitions he would have entered the auction immediately over the opening bid of one diamond, at which point it would have been easy for him to compete. Therefore, refrain from bidding two spades, a contract which partner may not be prepared to play.

<b>3</b>	Three spades	5 points
	Five diamonds	3 points
	Three no trump	2 points
	Four diamonds	1 point

The three-spade call is a cue bid and serves a dual purpose. It may enable partner to contract for three no trump, if that happens to be the best contract, or it may permit him to think in terms of a slam if his hand is suited for the purpose. Your partner has opened the bidding and jumped. Your hand is not far from the equivalent of an opening bid in strength. The ingredients of a slam are therefore present. Your queen in partner's long club suit may be enormously valuable. So, slam possibilities are not remote.

<b>4</b>	Two spades	5 points
	Two no trump	3 points
	Two hearts	2 points
	One no trump	1 point

While it is tempting to make the next bid is no trump, there is, unfortunately, no convenient no-trump bid available, for the hand is a shade too good for the rebid of one no trump, and yet it is not quite strong enough for a jump to two no trump, which is forcing to game. We suggest a raise to two spades, though normally we avoid doing this with only three trumps when partner presumably has a four-card suit. If partner rebids, we will then try three no trump on the next round.

<b>5</b>	Redouble	5 points
	Pass	3 points
	Three no trump	1 point

This will be an adequate dummy for a vulnerable player who was willing to undertake a nine-trick commitment. East has evidently overestimated the strength of his partner's hand and even though spades break badly I would feel confident of fulfilling the contract. There is the added advantage that the redouble may induce West, who has admitted that he has not a strong hand, to run to four hearts.

<b>6</b>	Three no trump	5 points
	Four diamonds	1 point

Your partner is behaving in a most praiseworthy manner and your appreciation of his efforts should be manifested by a raise to three no trump. You can contribute seven tricks to the cause, and it would be strange indeed if partner could not help along with two, in view of the fact that he acted without your solicitation. If your answer was three diamonds or, for that matter, any number of diamonds, you may hide your blushes in the nearest corner.

<b>7</b>	Pass	5 points
	Anything else	0

Discretion calls for a pass. If there were any assurance that two diamonds would be the final contract, a

resounding double would be in order. But it is reasonable to expect that if you doubled, there would be a rescue bid, and that your partner, looking to you for certain high-card values, would take some step distasteful to you, such as doubling the rescue. You would not contribute very much to the defeat of that other contract.

<b>8</b>	Seven spades	5 points
	Six diamonds	3 points
	Six hearts	2 points
	Six spades	1 point

On the basis of your partner's strong bidding there can be little doubt that the trump suit is solid. It will be observed that North bypassed an easy chance to show the ace of diamonds so that it may be assumed that he hasn't got that card. This makes it all the more convincing that you are not faced with a trump loser. So a grand-slam bid in spades is quite in order.

<b>9</b>	Pass	5 points
	Three diamonds	2 points
	Two spades or two no trump	1 point

There is no reason to foresee game possibilities, and there is no action you can take at this point that is not fraught with danger. Partner has been brought into the auction, perhaps much against his will, and he may have little or nothing. A bid of two spades would be had tactics, and a call of two no trump would be the act of a man who looks upon currency with complete disdain.

<b>10</b>	Three diamonds	5 points
	Three hearts	3 points
	Three spades	2 points

Three diamonds is a one-round force, and since the picture is not quite clear this temporizing bid is in order. If partner again rebids his suit, you can raise it with assurance. The best alternate call for you is a raise in hearts. The ragged nature of your spade suit virtually precludes a jump rebid in that suit.

<b>11</b>	Double	5 points
	Pass	2 points

We would assess a special demerit for hiding two spades. Your hand does not justify taking this dangerous

continued on page 118



*Know the real joy of good living...*

You get something extra with Schlitz—a most important extra. It's the special refreshment you get only from beer that's brewed with a real love for the art. Let Schlitz add this extra pleasure to the holiday fun at your house.

Watch Roy McLeod on "MARKHAM" on CBS-TV. See local listings for time and station.

**THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**  
 ©1969 Joe Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y.,  
 Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

**Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz!**



## Every feature you want in a small car—plus Vauxhall distinction!

For economy without apology—go Vauxhalling! An economy car in America, but somewhat of a luxury in England, the finely-crafted Vauxhall is the *complete* import. Four big doors . . . room for five . . . vacation-size luggage space . . . 28 to 35 miles per gallon, to name just some of the practical features. And for the comfort of you and your guests—such conveniences as front and rear ash trays . . . automatic courtesy lighting . . . panoramic vision . . . four arm rests . . . deep pile rear carpet. And even the most casual inspection will reveal many more. This year, if you want to make common sense without being commonplace—go Vauxhalling!

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**VAUXHALL**

*A Quality Product of England Since 1859*

**T**he letter below was sent by a man with the elegant name of Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston to the secretary of baseball's National Commission more than 45 years ago. It was destined to have a profound effect on the life and times of this young man, then a pitcher for the Red Sox. With the never-before-published documents reproduced here and on the pages following, a rich, colorful baseball era is vividly recreated. By GERALD HOLLAND



# THE BABE RUTH PAPERS

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

490 Riverside Drive,  
New York City  
Nov. 21, 1914.

Mr. John E. Bruce,  
Masonic Bldg.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

My dear Mr. Bruce:

Col. Ruppert, the millionaire brewer of this city, has been negotiating with Mr. Ben Johnson, President of the American League, for the purchase of the New York American League Baseball Club, locally known as the "Yankees".

As it stands now, the American League Club of New York have very little to sell outside of their franchise. They have no ground, they have no ball club, and they have no manager, and the latter item appears to me to be of paramount importance

*For a further glimpse into baseball archives, turn page*

## UNIFORM AGREEMENT FOR TRANSFER OF A PLAYER

NAME	DATE
Major League Club	1919

To wit: A

**Major League  
Club**

NAME	DATE
Major League Club	1919

This Agreement, made and entered into the 25th day of December, 1918, by and between **Eastern American League Baseball Club**, and **American League Baseball Club of New York**.

**Witnesseth:** The party of the first part does hereby release to the party of the second part the services of Player **George F. Ruth**, under the following conditions:

*(Signature of George F. Ruth)*

By herewith assigning to the party of the second part the contract of said player **George F. Ruth** for the seasons of 1919, 1920 and 1921, in consideration of the sum of Twenty-five thousand (\$25,000) dollars and other good and valuable considerations paid by the party of the second part, receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged.

The terms of this Agreement further contain in detail all provisions of the National Agreement and of all rules of the National Commission regarding the transfer of the services of a player between these parties in the various cases of this Agreement.

In **Witnessing Whereof**, we have subscribed hereto, through our respective presidents or authorized agents on the date above written.

*(Signature of George F. Ruth)*  
*(Signature of Alfred E. Smith)*  
*(Signature of T. L. Huston)*  
*(Signature of Colonel Jake Ruppert)*

All signatories are requested to carefully read the provisions of the National Agreement and the rules of the National Commission printed on the back of this Agreement in the photo-managed position.

## EVERYBODY

**I**F HARRY FRAZEE, owner of the Boston Red Sox, had been luckier as a theatrical producer, he might never have put his name to the historic baseball document at the left. As a matter of fact, he tried to avoid doing just that. In dire need of funds, he had gone to Colonel Jake Ruppert, co-owner of the New York Yankees, and sought a personal loan of half a million dollars. As a Broadway first-nighter, the colonel was sympathetic, but he was not an easy touch. Instead of making the loan he asked Frazee if he would sell his pitcher-turned-outfielder, Babe Ruth.

It was a good question. Ruth was already a box-office smash. During the previous season he had set an all-time record by hitting 29 home runs, and fans were beginning to jam the ball parks just to see him.

Had the theater not been Frazee's first love, the Babe surely would have stayed in Boston, and "The House That Ruth Built" would have been a bigger and better Fenway Park. Instead, Yankee Stadium rose (in 1923) in New York's Bronx to contain a greater drama than any Producer Frazee ever staged.

Frazee did not give Ruth up without qualms. He hurried back to Boston and conferred with his general manager, Ed Barrow. Barrow told him that if he absolutely had to have cash, then the thing to do was to get all he could and forget about asking for any players in the deal. "The Yankees," said Barrow, "haven't got anybody I'd want on the Red Sox."

That was fine with Frazee. What he wanted was money to pay actors—not more ballplayers to be paid. So he told Colonel Ruppert he could have Ruth for \$125,000, providing he took a \$350,000 mortgage on the Boston ball park. The colonel reached for his checkbook.

Now, at the time, baseball experts agreed that Ruth's 29 home runs in 1919 represented a feat unlikely to be duplicated (even by Ruth) ever again. But to show their confidence in the Babe, Ruppert and his partner, Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, promptly doubled the \$10,600 salary Frazee had paid him at Boston.

**1919** Babe Ruth became a Yankee with the signing of the paper above by Harry Frazee, owner of the Boston Red Sox, and by Colonel Jake Ruppert, co-owner of the Yanks and the slapper central figure in the picture below, in which he appears with Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York (left) and Partner T. L. Huston. The \$25,000 in the above document was a down payment on total price of \$125,000 Ruppert and Huston paid for Ruth.



# HAD A HEADACHE BUT THE BABE

Ruth responded by hitting 54 homers in 1920, and in so doing he did more than fill the parks. He blasted away all the skepticism created by the disclosures that some members of the Chicago White Sox had conspired to throw the World Series.

Ruth's public appearances in uniform were models of technical perfection and faultless deportment. But his private life was soon giving Rupert and Huston concern. Ruth's contract for 1922 (see below) contained a no-drinking clause which the Babe

was happy to accept and quick to ignore. Spring training was one long romp for Ruth and his teammates (YANKEES TRAINING ON SCOTCH, read a New York newspaper headline). While the season was still

*continued*

*It is all stated in my  
own handwriting, and is  
in the first story of my life  
in the life of the player, and it  
is the life of the player.*

*Handwritten signature*

"It is understood and agreed by and between the parties hereto that the regulation above set forth, numbered '1' shall be construed to mean among other things, that the player shall at all times during the term of this contract and throughout the years 1922, 1923 and 1924, and the years 1925 and 1926 if this contract is renewed for each year, refrain and abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating liquors and that he shall not during the training and playing season in each year stay up later than 1 o'clock A. M. on any day without the permission and consent of the Club's manager, and it is understood and agreed that if at any time during the period of this contract, whether in the playing season or not, the player shall indulge in intoxicating liquors or be guilty of any action or misbehavior which may render him unfit to perform the services to be performed by him hereunder, the Club may cancel and terminate this contract and retain as the property of the Club, any sum of money withheld from the player's salary as above provided."

**1922** *The Babe was more than Rupert and Huston had hoped for as a home-run hitter, but his personal habits soon became a matter of concern to them. In the contract above, the Babe promised to behave. To make sure, his bosses hired a private detective named Jimmy Kelly, who lured Babe and the entire team to an illegal brewery and then got the photographic evidence at right. The detective is third from left in second row, Ruth is front and center. A print was mailed to Judge Landis.*



AMERICAN LEAGUE  
PROFESSIONAL BASE BALL CLUBS

PITCHER BUILDING  
CHICAGO

My dear Mr. Barrow:

May 23, 1927

As requested in your telegram of even date, I am giving you below our office records, made from the New York player contracts, which were sent here for approval:

- Bengough, Bernard O. - Contract 4/8/27 approved 4/13/27. \$8000 for season of 1927.
- Collins, Patrk. E. - Contract 2/15/27 approved 4/13/27. \$7000 for season of 1927.
- Combs, Earle B. - Contract 3/12/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$10,500 for season of 1927.
- Dugan, Joseph A. - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$12,000 for season of 1927.
- Gehrig, H. L. - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$9000 for season 1927.
- Hoyt, Waite C. - Contract 2/15/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$11,000 for season of 1927. Club will pay player a bonus of \$1,000 if he wins twenty (20) of the games he pitches for the Club during the championship season of 1927.
- Koenig, Mark A. - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$7000 for season 1927.
- Lezzeri, Anthony - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$8000 for season 1927. Club further agrees to pay travelling expenses, including Pullman accommodations and meals enroute of the player's wife from San Francisco to New York, at the beginning of the 1927 playing season, and to pay the like traveling expenses of the player and his wife from New York to San Francisco at the close of said season.
- Muscel, Robt. W. - Contract approved 4/13/27. \$13,000 for season of 1927, and an aggregate salary of \$13,000 for his skilled services during the playing season of 1928, including the World's series or any other official series in which the Club may participate, and in any receipts of which the player may be entitled to share in each of said years.
- Moore, Wilsey - Contract 2/21/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$2500 for season of 1927. Club will pay an additional sum of \$500, if player is retained in service of Club for entire championship season of 1927.
- Fennock, Herb. J. - Contract approved 4/13/27. \$17,500 for season of 1927, and an aggregate salary of \$17,500 for his skilled services during each of the playing seasons of 1928 and 1929, including the World's series or any other official series in which the club may participate, and in any receipts of which the player may be entitled to share in each of said years. If the player wins ~~25~~ twenty-five (25) of the ball games he pitches for the Club in any year covered by this contract, to wit, 1927, 1928, and 1929, the club will in that event pay the player a bonus of \$1000 at the close of the playing season of each year.
- Ruether, Walter H. - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$11,000 for season 1927. Club will pay player bonus of \$1000 if the player wins fifteen (15) of the games he pitches for the Club during the championship season of 1927.
- Ruth, George H. - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$70,000 for the season of 1927, and an aggregate salary of \$70,000 each for the seasons of 1928 and 1929, including the World's Series or any other official series in which the player may participate, and in any receipts in which the player may be entitled to share in each of said years.
- Shawkey, J. Robt. - Contract 4/8/27. Approved 4/13/27. \$10,500 for season 1927.
- Shocker, Urban J. - Contract approved 4/13/27. \$13,500 for season of 1927.



young, the Yankee owners, who by now had brought Ed Barrow down from Boston to be their general manager, engaged a private detective to gather evidence about the nocturnal shenanigans (there was no night baseball then) of Ruth and the team.

The detective was a man named Jimmy Kelly. He joined the club in St. Louis, and by offering the players seemingly infallible tips on the horses he soon ingratiated himself with them. When Jimmy enticed a few of the boys up to his hotel room and invited them to share his unlimited stocks of Prohibition beer and booze, his popularity soared still higher. The players actually demanded that he accompany the team to Chicago. It was in Chicago that Jimmy proposed a trip to a brewery in Joliet where he happily called for a group picture (he had conveniently brought along a photographer). When the prints were ready, he suggested that all hands autograph one copy so that he might keep it as a souvenir. It was the signed print that he dispatched, along with other evidence of Yankee high jinks, to Ruppert and Huston. They promptly forwarded Kelly's packet (over the protest of Ed Barrow) to Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis in Chicago, and that rolling stone of righteousness hastened to Boston and confronted the ballplayers in the clubhouse there.

The tongue-lashing by the baseball commissioner affected Babe Ruth not at all. The year was not one of his better ones, however. He hit only 35 home runs (a drop from 59 in 1921),

and in 1925 he slumped to 25. This was the year of Babe's nadir as a Yankee. It was also the year of his climactic row with his manager, Miller Huggins. More incongruous feuds could not be imagined: Ruth the big bear of a man, Huggins the skinny little scrap of a fellow who did not seem to be able to find a uniform small enough to fit him. Together, they looked like a premature version of the movie comedy team of Laurel and Hardy.

Ruth, along about this time, was a law unto himself. He roomed alone, and more than once took a suite in a hotel at some distance from the team's headquarters. He rode to the ball park in splendid solitude while his teammates went five to a cab.

He could drink all night and show up at the ball park looking bright-eyed and refreshed. Perhaps, in this condition, he would hit one or two over the wall. But he was scarcely a comfort to his manager, and when, during a series in St. Louis in August 1925, he was gone for a whole night (as house guest of a local acquaintance), Huggins was unable to contain his exasperation any longer. When Ruth finally showed up in the clubhouse at Sportsman's Park and started to put on his uniform, Huggins slapped a \$5,000 fine on his problem child and suspended him for "general misconduct off the ball field."

Ruth seemed to be genuinely amazed that he had done anything out of the ordinary. But he could take no satisfaction from a statement issued by Ban Johnson, president of the American League. Said Johnson:

"Ruth has the mind of a 15-year-old boy and must be made to under-

stand where he belongs. The American League is no place for a player who dissipates and misbehaves.

"For a player receiving \$52,000 a year, Ruth ought to have made himself a hero. . . . Misconduct, drinking and staying out all night are things that will not be tolerated."

The Babe blamed everything on Manager Huggins. He told an interviewer, "Confidentially—and you can print this—Miller Huggins is dumb." Building the grudge along the way, he arrived in New York and announced, "If Huggins is manager, I quit."

With this ultimatum, Babe swaggared into a conference with Colonel Ruppert. The colonel (who by now had bought out Huston and was sole owner of the Yanks) had a way with the Babe. When the doors opened, it was a chastened Bambino who emerged. Not only would he play for Huggins, but he would drink almost nothing, and misbehave (Ban Johnson's word for it) not at all.

If the Babe's conduct off the field did not actually improve, his behavior in uniform was better than ever. He came back next season (1926) to hit 47 home runs, and as a reward his salary soared to \$70,000 in 1927, as the salary list on the opposite page shows. It was almost nine times what teammates like Lou Gehrig and Tony Lazzeri were getting at the time. Neither Lou nor Tony nor anyone else on the team complained, and the picture below shows why. It is Ruth hitting his 60th home run, a record unmatched to this day.

By now Ruth's annual dickering over salary had become something of

*continued*

## 1927

Ruth's salary soared to \$70,000 (see confidential salary list on opposite page), and how well he earned it is shown in the picture at right. In it, the Babe had just hit his 60th home run, establishing the record that still stands. No. 60 was a tremendous drive into the bleachers in right field at Yankee Stadium. It came in the eighth inning of a game with Washington on Sept. 30. Tom Zachary was the pitcher, Muddy Ruel the catcher.



an institution. Although Ed Barrow signed most of the Yankee players, Colonel Ruppert himself always conducted negotiations with the Babe, sometimes in the colonel's office at the brewery, sometimes in Florida when the Babe decided to hold out. Everybody in America who cared a hoot about baseball rooted for Babe to get the best of Ruppert. The Babe, as the salary check below suggests, did all right. The check shown is for \$7,345.31 for two weeks' work. This was in 1930 when Ruth reached his peak salary of \$80,000—the largest salary, if you figure it on the basis of take-home pay, ever paid to a ball-player in all baseball history. In his prime, the Babe was still a bargain at

that price, but the Yankee front office was always careful to recover a dollar spent in Ruth's behalf. Thus, on the reverse side of the check below, it will be seen that the club deducted such out-of-pocket expenses as a \$3.80 train ticket for Mrs. Ruth and a \$30 "uniform deposit" extracted from the greatest single gate attraction of all time.

That is precisely what the Babe was. He was a greater draw than any of the other great sports figures of the golden 1920s—Jack Dempsey, Bill Tilden, Bobby Jones, Gene Tunney, Walter Hagen, Man o' War.

Ban Johnson had said that Ruth had the mind of a 15-year-old boy. But can today's teen-agers tell you who Ban Johnson was? They know who Ruth was just as they know who

Daniel Boone was. Ruth—because he came along when he did—saved the national game. Without Ruth and the home runs that were like no home runs any slugger has hit before or since, it is just possible that the game would have died—as the television quiz shows died when people found out they were fake. Baseball, in one shameful instance, had been faked. People had been betrayed. Kids were learning to say, "Aw, it's all fixed." But when Ruth—his big headcocked, his matchstick legs together, his pigeon toes turned in, his great club of a bat lashing the air—drove a ball out of the park, nobody could say that was fixed or rigged or faked. People who saw Babe Ruth hit a home run never forgot it; there was only one thing half as good, and that was



**1930** *When the Babe and the colonel sat down to talk contract, all America was cheering for the Bambino to get the best of his rich and canny boss. Once Colonel Ruppert is said to have cried out: "What do you think I am, a millionaire?" Pictured here is the conference that gave Ruth the highest salary of his baseball career, \$80,000 for the season. Check covers the Babe's services for a period of two weeks. It was take-home pay; there was no withholding tax.*



*Ed Barrow*

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*James G. Thompson*

a Ruth strikeout, of which there were 1,330 during his major league career.

As for the home runs, Babe hit a total of 714 during his major league career. He hit 16 more in World Series and All-Star Games. He holds the record for runs batted in: a total of 2,209. In addition to striking out more than any player before or since, he also drew more bases on balls, a total of 2,056.

He was a great all-round ballplayer. He was one of the best left-handed pitchers ever, before he was shifted to the outfield. He won three World Series games, and in 1916 he had the best earned-run average in the league. When he moved permanently to the outfield, he covered his territory with amazing speed and he could throw a strike to home plate from deep in right field. According to Ed Barrow, Ruth had an instinct for doing precisely the right thing in every situation that might arise in a ball game. And all the while he had the rare talent of maintaining contact, a sort of secret communication, with the fans. A careless wave, a doffing of the cap—and they were his.

The old documents reproduced on these pages take the Babe from the beginning of his major league career to its peak. They stop short of his decline, his incredibly naive suggestion that he be made manager of the Yankees, his days as a pinch hitter at Boston, his humiliating final season as a coach at Brooklyn, his sad and painful last days.

There is no old paper anywhere that contains the heart of what Babe Ruth was and what was so important about him. What was so important about him was that in living a sort of double life—hero in public, a rake and a beller in private—he did not let the less appealing image obscure the other one. Thus, in a way, he was never unfaithful to his great trust, which was to do this one thing: to play a game of baseball so superbly well that people would believe in it as they believed in him—the one and only Babe.

END

#### ABOUT THE DOCUMENTS

The papers reproduced here represent a sampling from *Sports Illustrated's* collection of Yankee papers acquired from Nathaniel E. Stein, a New York stockbroker and former president of The Manuscript Society, and Nelson Frank, a New York newspaperman.



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1523 WALNUT ST.  
RESTAURANT BAR

## GOREN'S QUIZ

continued from page 105

action. This bid would be forcing for one round and would probably result in a rebid of three hearts by partner. If you are able to extricate yourself from that predicament, you have greater resourcefulness than I have. I think it is safe to assume that you can win three or four tricks against the club declaration which, added to the three the opening bidder is expected to win, should produce a sizable profit. If opener happens to have a good hand the yield may even run into four figures, and so this is a clear-cut penalty double.

12	Double.	5 points
	Pass	3 points
	Three no trump	1 point

Strike while the iron is hot. This is one double that East should long remember! Do not aim for anything so trivial as a game when a possible 1,100-point plum is there for the picking.

13	One spade.	5 points
	Two hearts	3 points
	Two diamonds or three diamonds.	1 point

The several possible choices include rehidid diamonds and supporting hearts. But the hand is too strong for a mere two-diamond rebid, and not quite strong enough for a jump to three diamonds, so that the choice narrows down. While the suggested bid of one spade is not forcing, in these circumstances partner will exert every effort to speak again, and a better idea of the nature of his hand may be obtained from his next move.

14	One diamond	5 points
	One heart	3 points
	One spade.	2 points
	Pass	1 point

We are disinclined to pass partner out in a bid of one club where there is any reasonable excuse for bidding. Partner may have hearts or spades as his second suit, and a better result will be obtained if he is given the chance to show it. A one-diamond response allows for this contingency. The worst possible bid by you would be one no trump. It is better to pass, and it is for this reason that 1 point is awarded to that call.

15	Four clubs.	5 points
	Three hearts.	3 points
	Three spades.	2 points
	Five clubs	1 point

Our choice is four clubs. Partner must have a very substantial suit to insist upon it in the face of your showing a major two-suiter. A rebid of three hearts might tend to make partner lose interest since it would merely sound like an effort on your part to force him to show a preference, which he has already refused to do. A bid of four clubs will surely identify your singleton diamond and have the effect of urging partner on to bigger things.

16	Four no trump	5 points
	Two spades.	3 points
	One spade.	1 point

This is the ideal type of hand for the Blackwood Convention since the only losers are aces. If partner happens to have four aces, the grand slam is easy. If he has three, you contract for a small slam. If he has only two, you stop at five spades and should be safe. If he has only one, it is high time you drew him aside for an intimate little chat.

17	Two hearts	5 points
	Five spades.	4 points
	Double.	3 points
	Four no trump	1 point

Your first duty is to make a bid which is forcing to game. The only one available is a cue bid in the opponents' suit. Regardless of partner's response, you will then embark on a Blackwood bid to determine the number of aces he holds. A direct overall of five spades might suggest itself, but this may not be interpreted clearly by partner. An immediate four no-trump bid might likewise be misunderstood. The recommended method is surer.

18	Pass.	5 points
	Four no trump.	1 point

Any further conversation by you would be mere filibustering. On the basis of a one-over-one response you have insisted upon a game and partner has shown no enthusiasm. For a mathematical demonstration, let us point out that North may have as little as six points while you have but 22, and no fit has been established. You are therefore not in slam territory.

END



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## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The readers take over

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### 18TH HOLE



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5. The horse's head and bridle design on the 18th Hole is a trademark of the 18th Hole.



6. The horse and rider design on the Christmas card is a trademark of the 18th Hole.



7. The horse and rider design on the Christmas card is a trademark of the 18th Hole.





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to go with his own franchise.



## HOLIDAY GREETINGS

The kids are cute, and their witty to-  
gether is quoted on page 34.

CONTINUE

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15TH HOLE continued



11 He is Tompa's pride, & him will say  
and a there is Cissy Street's side.



Season's  
Greetings

12 They say he is the oldest ever alive,  
and he is known as "A. J. J. J. J. J."

• A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year right back to: 1) Johnny Unitas, 2) Jack Kramer, 3) Mrs. Gene Markey, 4) Ben Schwartzwalder, 5) Bill Shoemaker, 6) Lamar Hunt, 7) Ford Frick, 8) Maurice Richard, 9) Bud Werner, 10) Duffy Daugherty, 11) Al Lopez, 12) Archie Moore—and to all the rest of our readers.—ED.



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